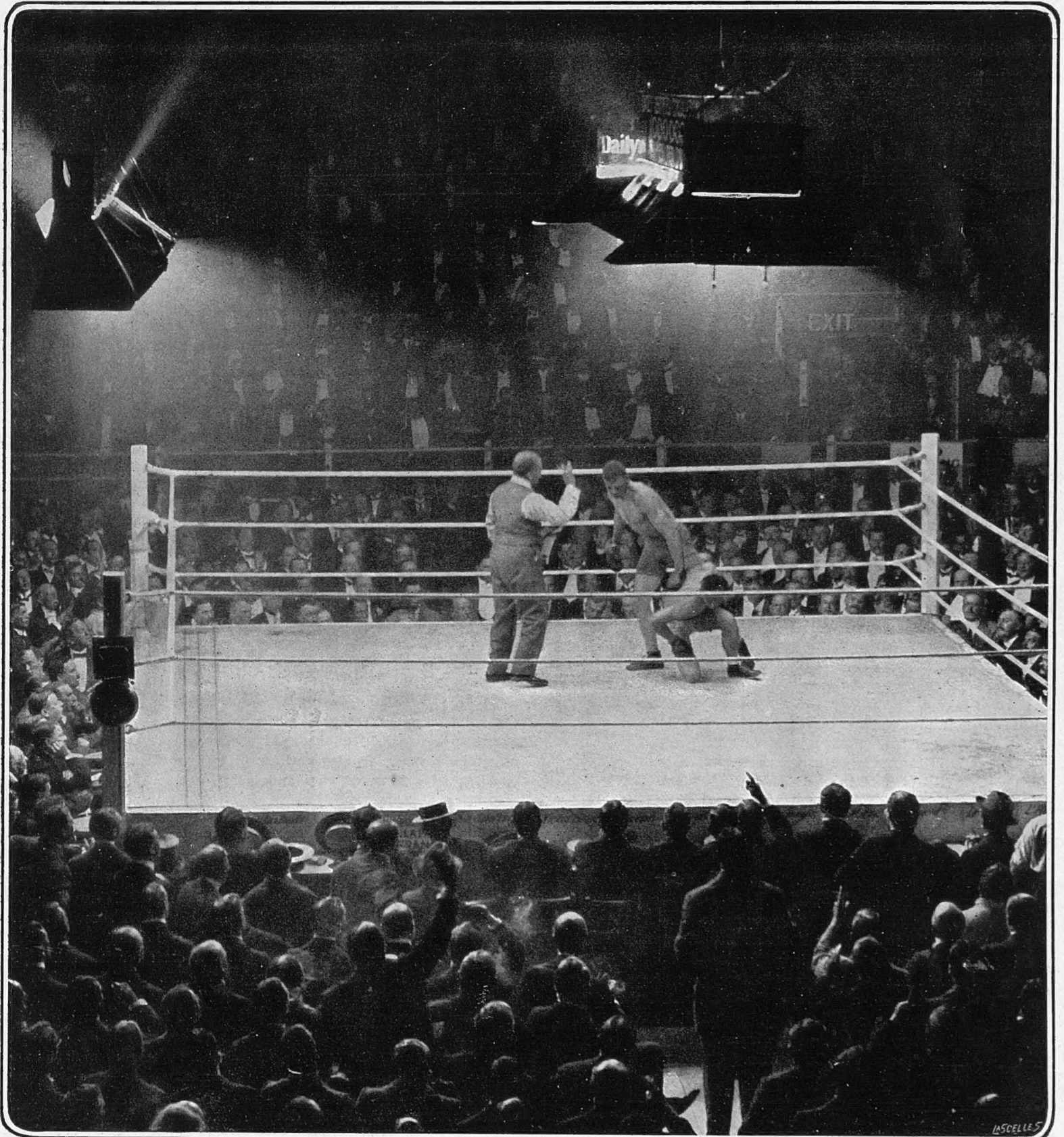


The Sketch

No. 1121—Vol. LXXXVII.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 22, 1914.

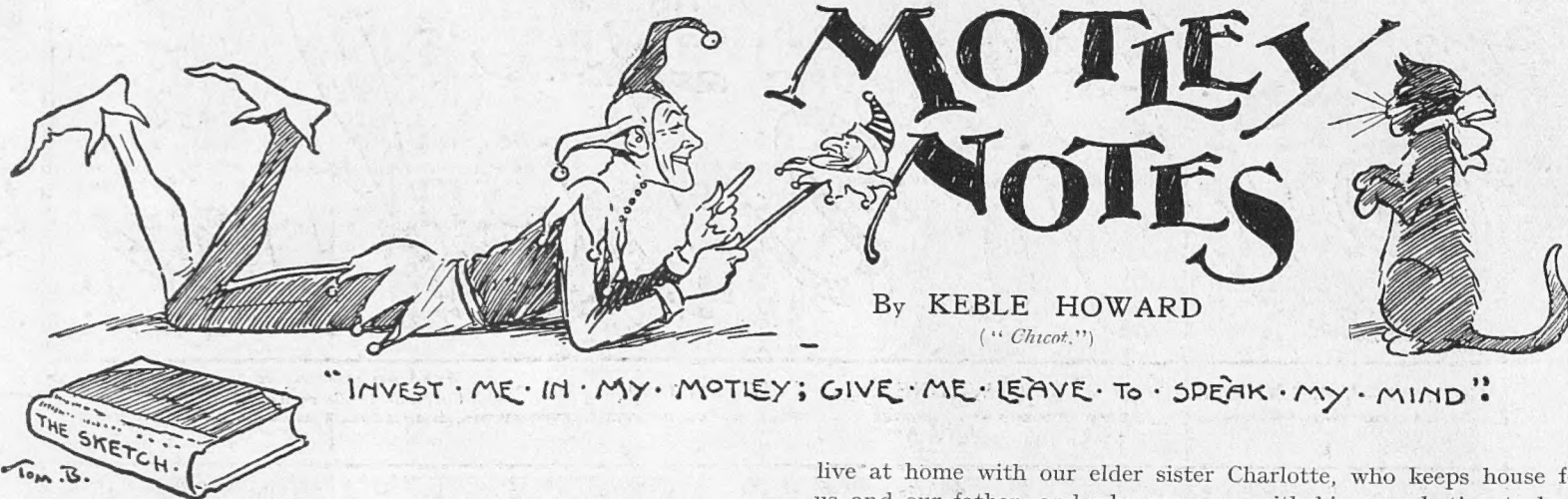
With Loose Photogravure
Supplement—Carpentier. } SIXPENCE.



THE FATEFUL MOMENT: "GUNBOAT" SMITH ABOUT TO DEAL CARPENTIER THE "FOUL" BLOW
FOR WHICH HE WAS DISQUALIFIED.

As everyone knows, the great boxing match between Carpentier and "Gunboat" Smith at Olympia ended in Smith being disqualified for a "foul" blow in the sixth round, and the fight being awarded to Carpentier. The photograph here given was taken just before the fateful moment when the blow was delivered. It has been generally agreed that the "foul" was entirely unintentional on the part of "Gunboat" Smith, but that, in the circum-

stances, the course adopted by the referee, Mr. Eugene Corri, was undoubtedly the right one. The total amount of the purse and stakes was £8000. It was arranged that Carpentier should receive £4000 in any event, whether he won, lost, or drew; and that Smith should take £3000 if he won and £2000 if he lost. In addition, there were stakes of £500 a-side.—[Photograph by Illustrations Bureau.]



A Puzzle for Colonials.

Here is a little puzzle for the large band of Colonial readers of this journal. The following is an extract from one of the greatest and most responsible daily papers in England, and I have no reason to suppose that the statements it contains are exaggerated. I should like the Colonial readers of *The Sketch*, after reading the extract, to write down on a piece of paper the names of those men at present prominent in the world to whom they would imagine such an ovation was possible—

“The arrival in London yesterday of ——— was made the occasion of a demonstration the like of which I have never before seen. When the boat train came steaming into the platform, Charing Cross Station was besieged by thousands of excited and shouting folk. Men and women, English and French, fought in the sweltering heat for a glimpse. . . . They jostled and scrambled and roared.

“Perched on the station gates were dozens of people; the Strand was made impassable. Hero-worship ran riot. . . . The horses were unharnessed from the landau which had come to drive him to his hotel, and their places were taken by men, who, as soon as ——— had taken his seat, pulled him down the approach and along the Strand. . . . There was nothing else for it but to show himself on the balcony. The ovation he received was overwhelming. ‘It is magnificent, it is terrible, it is wonderful,’ said ——— when he at last felt secure in his room.”

Now, my Over-seas friends, who was it?

The Answer.

Search your memory. Could it have been a victorious General home from the wars? No, for we are not engaged in any war at the moment. Could it have been the King? No, for the King does not drive to an hotel, nor does he permit the horses to be unharnessed from his landau. Could it have been some great statesman from France or Germany? Could it have been a great writer—some man who by his genius has raised the intellectual standard of the world and so done more than any other man could to educate and civilise the world? Could it have been a great musician, a great composer, a great painter? No, for it is not the habit of the English to bestow ovations on men of genius; they prefer to let them starve. Could it have been some wrongly accused person who had been battling for his life in a Court of Justice?

You are not up to date, friend the Colonial reader. London, your dear, staid, clear-headed, dignified old London, is just now passing through a series of desperate attempts at feverish gaiety. It must have a new craze at least once a month. Dancing has come and gone; one hears very little at the moment about the night clubs. The new craze—here is your clue—is boxing. Unless you profess a mania for watching people box, you are not in the fashion. Unless you push, and shout, and yell, and let the tears run down your face when somebody gets knocked over and can’t get up, you are a frump and behind the times.

The hero of the ovation was Carpentier.

“The Dominating Sister.”

“L. M. O.” is in a great state of mind. “L. M. O.” is the victim of a dominating sister, and she is in such a state of mind about the whole thing that she has dashed off a perfectly written article on the subject, which would have done credit to a practised hand, for a popular daily paper. Here is the case for “L. M. O.”—

“It is perhaps because Patsy and I are so in love with the unexpected that it is our present fate to be totally unable to gratify our present taste for it.” (That is the way in which “L. M. O.” expresses herself—I told you she was no novice at writing.) “We

live at home with our elder sister Charlotte, who keeps house for us and our father, and who manages with his approbation to have us pretty well under her thumb. Charlotte, who is possessed of a very strong will, and not an ounce of imagination, hates social intercourse of any description, and it is my firm belief that we are the duller family in the town.

“She does not care for the society of men, and small wonder, when she usually either petrifies or bores them. . . . Though Charlotte is admirably fitted to be an old maid, we ardently desire her marriage. A little fair man with a nervous manner has recently been introduced to our select circle, and, wonder of wonders, has lost no time in falling at Charlotte’s feet. Though she does not betray herself in any way, Patsy and I have a ‘feel’ that she likes him.”

Charlotte’s Version.

I should like to read Charlotte’s version of this story. I picture Charlotte as a patient, quiet, rather charming person, with plenty of common-sense, good taste, and a good deal to bear from her younger sisters. I think Charlotte would say something of this sort—

“My two younger sisters are bright, clever girls, but extremely young, even for their age. They are imbued with the notion that not to do the thing that everybody else is doing at the moment is equivalent to not being alive. They attended Tango classes, for instance, and were delighted to be in the movement, as the saying goes, although their efforts to acquire even the rudiments of the dance were pitiful in the extreme from the point of view of an onlooker.

“Their taste in dress is deplorable at present. Anything in the latest fashion is good enough for them, no matter how stupid or ugly it makes them look. They cannot understand what I mean by individuality in dress; they would be very angry if I told them they had no ideas of their own, and yet they are only too willing to follow blindly the dictates of the trade as regards their dresses and hats.

“Still, they will grow up, and then I may be able to marry Hal. He is getting dreadfully impatient, but I really could not leave father to the mercies of those silly children. They would drive him crazy in a week, to say nothing of getting themselves into some horrible mess from which I should have to extricate them.”

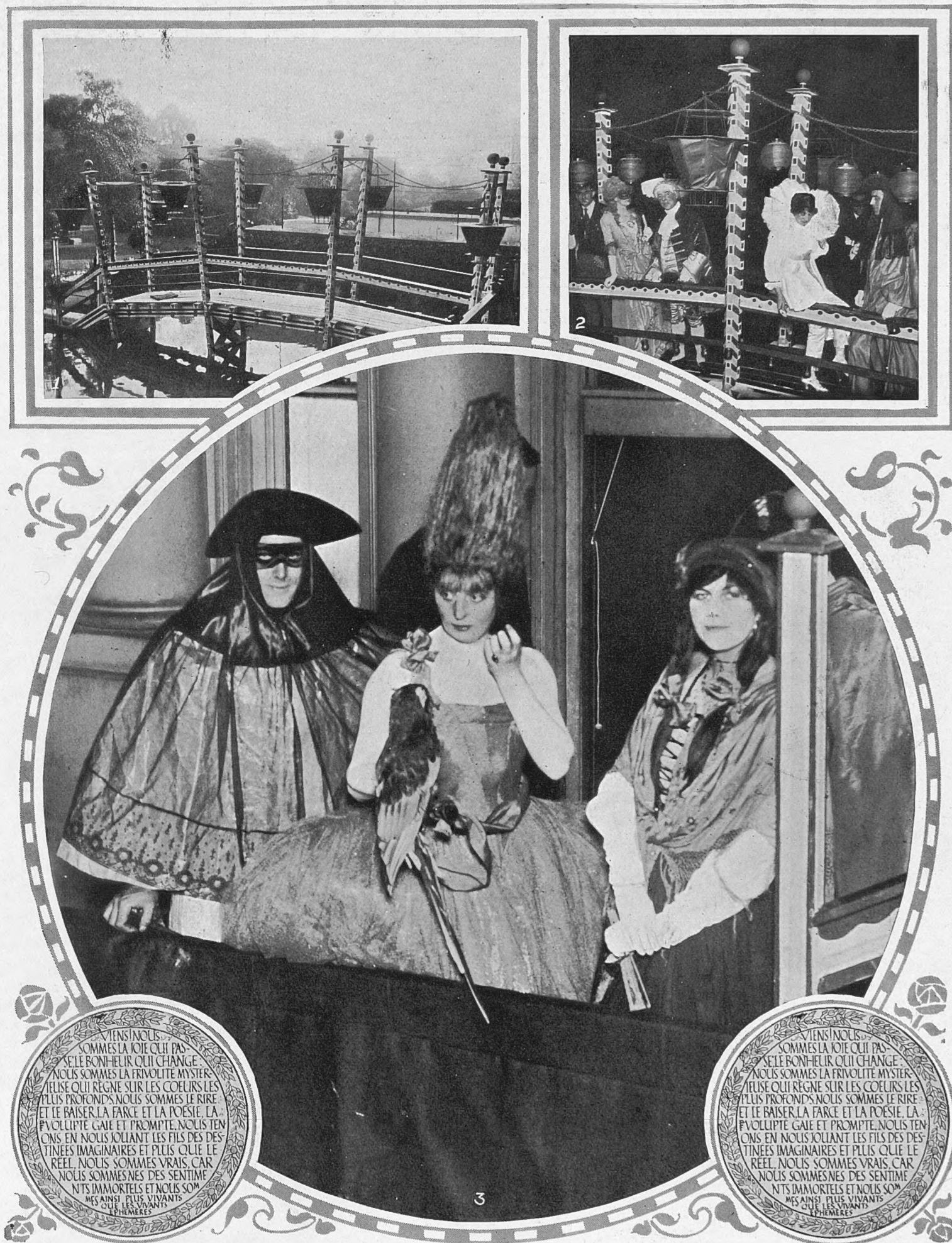
Animals and Suicide.

“What was apparently a determined attempt at suicide by an Airedale terrier was witnessed by a large number of visitors yesterday morning at Bray, County Dublin. The animal jumped off the north pier of the harbour into the sea and was sinking when some fishermen rescued it and succeeded in restoring it to its normal condition. When they let it go, the terrier made a dash for the other pier, jumped into the sea, and was drowned. . . . The suicide of animals is a deep-rooted popular belief.”

There is not the slightest doubt that animals often grow tired of life and commit suicide. A neighbour of mine had a cat which took exception to the fact that its bed had been moved from the dining-room to the kitchen. The cat made repeated attempts to sleep in the dining-room, but these were frustrated. Finding its master and mistress quite determined, the cat walked two miles across fields to the nearest railway-line, waited for the London express to pass—several less important trains went by in the meantime—laid its head on the line, and so settled the question once and for all.

Another neighbour of mine has a story of a hen who, being crossed in love, climbed laboriously to the top of the wire fence surrounding the hen-run, thrust her head through one of the holes in the fence, and deliberately hanged herself. The cock to whom she was attached died of remorse a week later.

THE MOST WONDERFUL ENTERTAINMENT OF THE SEASON AND ITS HOSTESS.



MRS. ALEXANDER KEILLER'S WONDERFUL VENETIAN MASQUERADE: THE VENETIAN BRIDGE OVER THE MINIATURE GRAND CANAL AND MRS. KEILLER IN FANCY DRESS.

What was decidedly the most original entertainment of the season was recently given by Mrs. Alex Keiller, at her house, 13, Hyde Park Gardens. The hostess, by flooding her terrace, throwing a bridge over this miniature Grand Canal, and insisting that all her guests should be not only masked but in the Venetian costume of the eighteenth century, gave a realistic reconstruction of a masquerade of that period. Especially wonderful and artistic was the feast served in lieu of supper in a hall which was an exact replica of a Venetian banqueting-room. Both this room and the Venetian bridge, it should be mentioned, were designed by Mr. A. Randall Wells. In attendance

on the guests were servitors in costume. Boar's-head and peacock-pie as *pièces de résistance* completed the illusion of living in another century. Readers of "The Sketch" may remember that Mrs. Keiller was née Miss Doll Phil-Morris, an artist of very considerable talent, examples of whose work have appeared in these pages. Photograph No. 1 shows the bridge across the Grand Canal; No. 2 some guests at the ball; No. 3 the hostess (in the centre). The tablets containing the quotation were placed everywhere in the banqueting-room. We publish these photographs by courtesy of Mr. Clement Shorter, of the "Sphere."

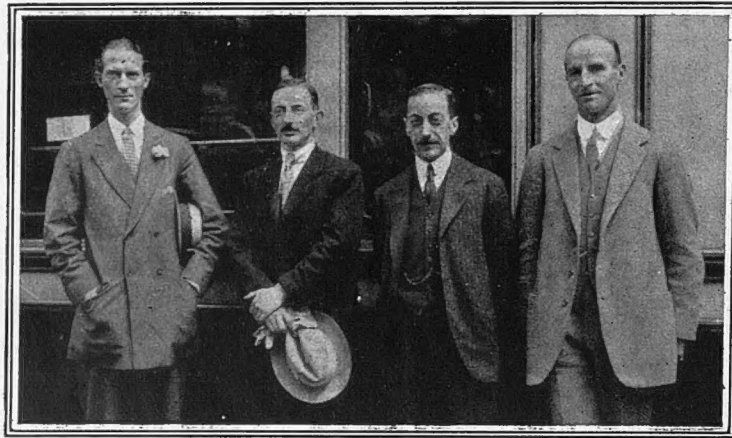
Photographs by Record Press.

WE TAKE OFF OUR HAT TO—



MME. MARIA CARMi—FOR CONVERTING A STATUE OF THE MADONNA INTO POTIPHAR'S WIFE.

It was arranged that Mme. Maria Carmi, who made such a success as the Madonna in "The Miracle," should appear as Potiphar's wife in "La Légende de Joseph" at Drury Lane this week.—The British Isles lawn-tennis team left England on the 16th for America, whence they hope to bring back the Dwight Davis Lawn-Tennis Cup.



THE BRITISH LAWN-TENNIS TEAM—FOR HOPING TO BE ABLE BEFORE LONG TO DESPATCH A COMPOSITE CABLE FROM AMERICA, "DAVIS CUP LIFTED—PARKINGSCORDATLOWE."

In our photograph of the team, from left to right, are Messrs. A. H. Lowe, A. R. F. Kingscote, T. M. Mavrogordato, and J. C. Parke.—Mr. J. W. H. T. Douglas was very much on the spot with the ball in the Gentlemen v. Players match. In the Players' first innings he took 9 wickets for 105, and in their second, 4 for 67.



MR. DOUGLAS—FOR HIS "GENTLEMEN 'LY GAME OF NINEPINS WITH THE PLAYERS' WICKETS.

Photographs by Hoppé, Topical, and Sport and General.



MRS. CARR-GOMM—FOR FINDING CONSOLATION ON THE STAGE BY TAKING PART IN "A WOMAN ALONE."

Mrs. Carr-Gomm, the divorced wife of Mr. H. W. C. Carr-Gomm, M.P. is taking the part of a maid in "A Woman Alone," Mrs. W. K. Clifford's play, at the Little Theatre this week. She has adopted the stage-name of Kathleen Kerr.—Prince Louis of Bourbon recently married Miss Beatrice Harrington, a London girl whom he first met



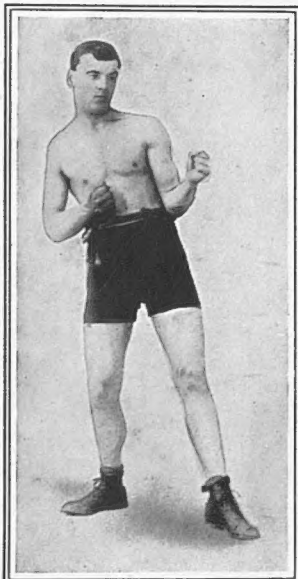
PRINCE AND PRINCESS LOUIS OF BOURBON—FOR FINDING THAT THE "GLAD EYE" AT FOLKESTONE LEADS TO "I WILL" IN OGLE STREET.

at Folkestone. The wedding took place quietly at the Church of St. Charles Borromeo in Ogle Street, Fitzroy Square. A full-page portrait of the bride appears in this issue.—A piglet is the latest fashionable pet for women. One appeared in the Park the other day on a lead and daintily be-ribboned.

Photographs by Swaine, Illustrations Bureau, and C.N.



THE FAIR BACONIAN—FOR BEING RASHER THAN MOST WOMEN IN HER CHOICE OF A PET FOR THE PARK.



YOUNG AHEARN—FOR BELIEVING THAT "JOHN BULL'S" BOY CAN HAMMER CARPENTIER.

Young Ahearn, known as "John Bull's" Boy, is to meet Carpentier in a twenty-round contest. The Editor of "John Bull" has arranged to put up a purse of £10,000.—The Countess of Aberdeen, wife of the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, opened the Civic



THE COUNTESS OF ABERDEEN AND MR. BIRRELL—FOR SMILING SO SWEETLY IN SPITE OF ULSTER TROUBLES, AND, APPARENTLY, ADDING TO "OBITER DICTA."

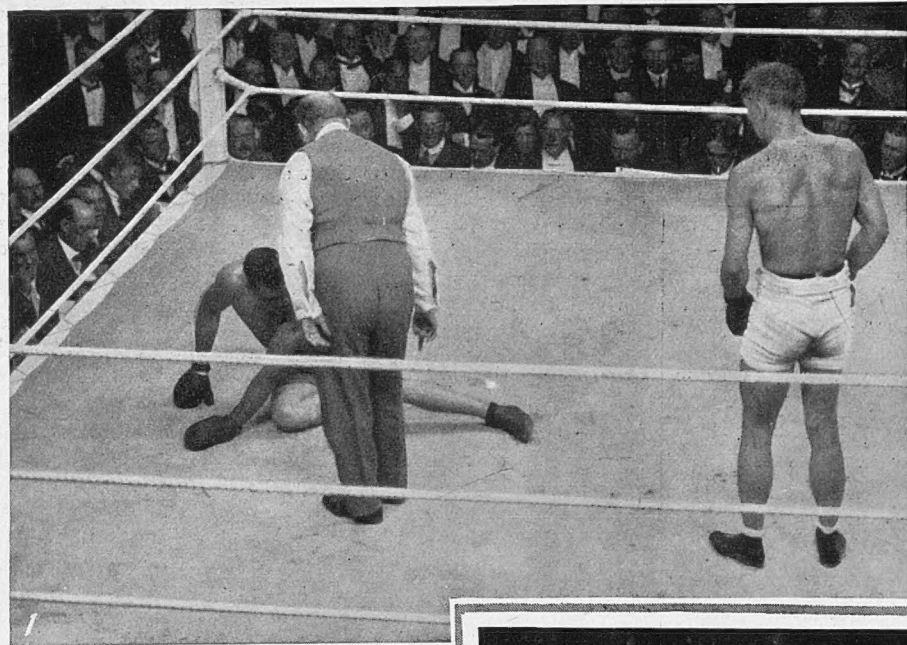
Exhibition at Dublin. Mr. Birrell handed her an Address and a gold key.—Mrs. Cloudesley Brereton, it is reported, considers that "there is no reason why fathers should not relieve their wives by wheeling the pram on Sundays."

Photographs by Alfieri and Lafayette, Dublin.



MRS. CLOUDESLEY BRERETON—FOR SETTLING ONE HOME RULE BY "SOLVITUR PERAMBULANDO."

THE THREE CRUCIAL MOMENTS IN THE BIG FIGHT.

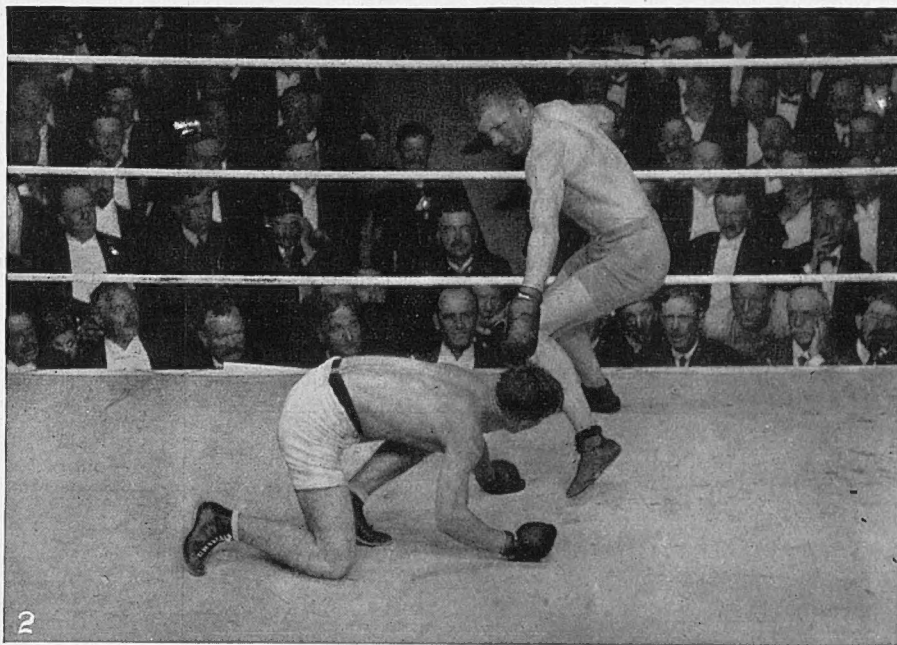


1.
CRITICS disagree as to the incidents of the "foul," as the following extracts show.

The "Times."—"After an exchange of blows, Smith rushed, and Carpentier, missing a lead, overbalanced and fell. Smith chopped him on the back of the neck as he knelt with his head bowed."

The "Chronicle."—"As the big-boned American took back his right hand to deliver what looked like a blow that would finish the contest, Carpentier slipped to the floor of the ring—it was an accentuated duck, and although the French boy could not be accused of deliberately going down without being hit (an action which entails disqualification) the fact remains that he avoided a huge blow and went down on his hands and knees. While the French boxer was there,

[Continued in box 2.



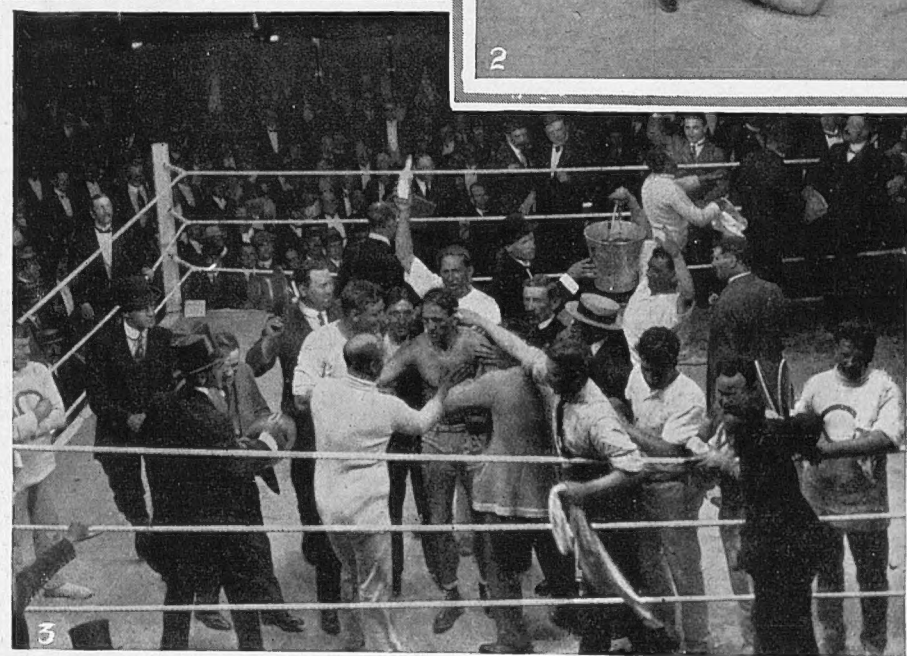
2.
Smith, with an impetuosity that was almost forgivable, started a blow with the right hand that was half withheld. The American's glove glanced on the head of his opponent."

The "Daily Mail."—"As the French boy fell he pushed his hands to the floor and crouched ready to rise. Smith, in a wild effort to take what appeared a priceless opening, half threw himself on Carpentier, at the same time striking him with his right fist."

The "Morning Post."—"Smith shot in a right on the point. Carpentier went down on his knees. Before that attitude was changed, 'Gunboat' Smith was on him, and with his right rapped Carpentier on the back of the head, sending his face on the floor."

The "Daily Telegraph."—"Carpentier rushed at Smith and tried to drive home the left hand with all the power that was in him. The blow did not do the damage intended, for Smith managed to make it into half a blow, and not only did he do this, but he got his right, with which he drove downwards—for he seemed to tower over Carpentier—plump on the jaw. Down on to his knees

[Continued in box 3.



3.
the Frenchman fell, and while in this position Smith struck him on the neck . . . Carpentier's nose was bumped against the boards."

The "Sporting Life."—"Carpentier had swung in his left . . . The impetus . . . caused him to lose his balance and fall to his knees. . . . Smith had set in motion one of his right swings, but he brought his arm back. . . . Then, when everyone expected him to walk away, Smith . . . brought his right glove into contact with the back of Carpentier's head, whilst the French boy was still in a kneeling position. . . . Carpentier appeared to have sustained some discomfort to his nose."

The "Sportsman."—"Ultimately Carpentier swung his right hand for the head, but he was short, and the very force of the blow caused him to lose his balance and go down on his hands and knees. During the latter process, Smith led a downward punch, and his right-hand glove did little more than flick Carpentier on the back of the ear."

1. THE LONG COUNT IN THE FOURTH ROUND: "GUNBOAT" SMITH DOWN.

2. THE ACTUAL MOMENT OF THE FOUL: CARPENTIER DOWN AND SMITH ABOUT TO LAND A BLOW.

3. THE SCENE AFTER THE FOUL: CARPENTIER ATTENDED BY HIS SUPPORTERS AFTER THE FOUL.

What happened in the sixth round of the great fight between Georges Carpentier and "Gunboat" Smith at Olympia for the white Light-Heavy-Weight Championship of the World? Before the "foul" blow was struck, was Carpentier hit?—or did he

slip? Was the "foul" blow merely a glancing one, or a heavy punch? The striking divergence as to what actually occurred may be seen in the extracts given above.—[Photographs by Illustrations Bureau.]

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July 1, 1914) of THE SKETCH can be had, Gratis, through any
Newsagent, or direct from the Publishing Office, 172, Strand, London.

THINGS NEW: AT THE THEATRES.

THERE is a story of a judicious boy who announced carefully
"This is a joke," being anxious to prevent misunder-
standings. Mr. Hackett, author of "From 9 to 11," played
at Wyndham's, was not as wise as the schoolboy, and the haughty
pundits in the stalls on the first night did not know that the piece
was a joke until it was almost over. Some, of course, pretended to
see this from the first—that may pass. So we were rather offended
and not much amused, for you cannot be amused retrospectively—
an important fact sometimes ignored by playwrights. It is curious:
critics and other theorists constantly point out that it is dangerous
to play tricks on an audience, that all the successful dramatists
have put their cards on the table. Even in early days this law was
discovered, and Shakespeare—or the other person of the same name
who wrote the plays—never "choused" the house. Perhaps he
guessed that they would have thrown some of the cobble-stones
from the courtyard of the inn if he had. However, the world knows
the joke by now, and the real question is whether the play is an
entertaining burlesque of melodrama. It falls between two stools—
is too serious to be comic, and too comic to be serious. Most of the
players—all, perhaps, except Mr. Aynesworth—avoid any pretence
at burlesque; the actual result is that one seems to be watching
a melodrama of irritating complexity, the ramifications of which
ought to be explained on a blackboard as the piece goes along. It
has a few rather thrilling moments, if you regard it in the wrong light
and treat it seriously; and these were due to the really excellent
"straight" acting. For instance, Miss Edyth Goodall was
tremendously intense as the cracksman's sweetheart, and Miss Lettice
Fairfax was quite pathetic as the respectable but dishonest young
woman who got into trouble. And Mr. Aynesworth, when he
dropped the burlesquing, gave a vigorous picture of the cracksman.
Probably by now, since the secret is out, everybody will be acting in
the spirit of the wildest burlesque, and the piece may be entertaining.

Mr. J. T. Grein was well justified in blowing his own trumpet a
bit about his triumph in getting a license for "Ghosts." After
knocking politely at the Censor's door for twenty-three years, he,
with the assistance of some others, has succeeded in kicking it in,
and so the awful, shocking drama was solemnly presented to the
public the other day, with the sanction of the Lord Chamberlain
and telegraphic blessing from the King and Queen of Norway; and
the Haymarket Theatre, a playhouse of exquisite respectability,
was the scene of this historic event. A really great play, if rather
strong meat, and excellently rendered: however, a performance by
the same company was criticised in these columns some weeks ago
in relation to an unlicensed performance. As a veteran playgoer, I
should like to say a few words about the cast which acted the drama
on Friday, the 13th day of March, 1891, at the Royalty, and was
denounced by most of the Press for being party to a crime, but
perhaps this is hardly a suitable occasion.

A PORTRAIT OF CARPENTIER.

(Our Special Supplement.)

SO many of our readers are interested in boxing, that most
popular of sports at the present day, that we feel sure we
shall please them by presenting with this Issue a portrait of
Carpentier as a loose photograph plate. It is from a photograph
taken by M. Félix, of Paris, and shows the famous French boxer
in ordinary dress.

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SEEING "THE CHIEF": THE OUTSPOKEN DUKE: VANISHING RECRUITS.

The Military Secretary's Levée.

That the Military Secretary once again is to be "At Home" one day in the week to any officer who has a question to ask or a complaint to make will comfort many men in the Service who regard the Military Council very much as the Greeks regarded the gods in council on high Olympus—as being very important people wrapped in clouds and without any individual responsibility. The Duke of York, the brother of George IV., who stands in effigy on the top of the column by Carlton House Terrace, was by no means a model Commander-in-Chief, but he had one quality which the whole Army thoroughly appreciated—his accessibility. One reads, in Lever's novels, how any officer, coming from abroad, was always received by the Duke, and any man with a grievance knew that he could bring that grievance before the head of the Army. To see the Military Secretary of the Commander-in-Chief was the next best thing to seeing the Commander-in-Chief himself, for he was the greater man's mouth-piece. Nowadays, any officer who lays a grievance before the Military Secretary will feel assured that it will be passed on to the man who has the power to remedy it if the complaint is well founded. That an officer has the right to interview the Military Secretary without asking permission from his immediate superior means that any legitimate complaint cannot be burked by a senior against whom the complaint is directed.

The Late Duke of Cambridge.

The late Duke of Cambridge, when he was Commander-in-Chief, was just as accessible as the Duke of York had been during an earlier reign, and he would always hear what any officer of the Army had to say as to his fitness for an appointment, and would always listen to any grievance. But any man who made any complaint that the Duke thought was unjustified, or who applied for an appointment for which he was not fitted, had very good cause to remember his interview, for the Duke was the most plain-spoken of men, and when he was annoyed went straight to the point in dealing with any man who was taking up his time under false pretences. The way of a Military Secretary in dealing with officers whose grievances were mythical has always been a good deal gentler than the methods of the Commanders-in-Chief.

Our Vanishing Recruits.

I suppose that the facilities for emigration are the principal causes of the difficulty that the British Army finds at the present time in securing suitable recruits. It certainly is not that the martial spirit has died out of Britons, as the rush to enlist both in the Ulster

Volunteers and the Nationalist Volunteers shows. I heard the other night at a great dinner one of the most distinguished officers in our Army make an appeal that the younger generation, the sons of the men to whom he was talking, should qualify themselves to become officers should any great national emergency come suddenly upon this country. He told us of the shortage in the Regular Army, both of officers and men, and he reminded his hearers very appositely that England could not now, as in the past, buy soldiers. He

bade us remember that though there was not a single Briton amongst the soldiers who fought against Napoleon at Austerlitz, every man who fought against the French on that day had been subsidised by Great Britain. He also reminded us that of the army that Wellington commanded at Waterloo the English regiments were only a pottion.

The Suddenness of War.

War comes nowadays with such tremendous suddenness that Great Britain, should she be embroiled, would have to fight with her Army as the commencement of hostilities found it, and the decisive blow in the campaign might be struck before her children in the Colonies could come to her aid. Of the seriousness of the present crisis in our recruiting there can be no doubt, and the high bounties that the Government are offering to men to stay on with the regiments in India instead of passing to the Reserve, and the offers that are being made at home to men of the Reserve to rejoin the colours, are proofs that must bring home to every civilian that suitable young men to-day will not accept the "shilling" in sufficient numbers.

A New Uniform for the Piou-Pious.

The French Army is to have another change of uniform. For nearly a hundred years the uniforms that Napoleon invented for his soldiers have been the uniforms of the French Army. The French cavalry helmet, which was copied from the helmet of the Romans, still remains one of the most comfortable head-dresses that soldiers in any country wear, and is so well balanced that it does not weigh on the

wearer's head. M. Detaille, the great French painter of soldiers, designed, with the help of another battle-painter, a series of new uniforms for the French Army, retaining as much as possible the characteristics of the First Empire uniforms; but neither dark blue nor scarlet is a sufficiently invisible colour for the clothing of an army campaigning; and as the French, unlike ourselves, need not think of the attraction of the uniform to recruits, all France's soldiers will, five years hence, wear uniforms of a blue-grey which renders the soldier practically invisible at the distance of 1500 yards.



THE FISTIC IDOL OF FRANCE—AND OF BRITAIN, TOO: GEORGES CARPENTIER'S ROYAL RECEPTION AT CHARING CROSS.

Georges Carpentier had a wonderful reception when he arrived in London for the fight at Olympia with Gunboat Smith. A crowd of more than five thousand people, French and British, occupied the Strand, holding up the carriage. Amid scenes of wild enthusiasm the horses were taken out of his carriage, which was drawn by his admirers to his hotel.

Photograph by C.N.

NOTABILITIES AT LARGE: SNAPSHOTS IN TWO CONTINENTS.



1. THE LORD MAYORAL STANCE: SIR VANSITTART BOWATER'S VERY PUBLIC INITIATION INTO GOLF.

2. NOT A STRIKE OR A REVOLUTION! THE CROWD IN PARIS WELCOMES CARPENTIER BACK AFTER HIS VICTORY AT OLYMPIA.

3. A PEERESS'S PLATFORM MANNER IN THE LAND OF STARS AND STRIPES: THE DUCHESS OF MARLBOROUGH ADDRESSES AN OPEN-AIR MEETING AT NEWPORT.

4. A NOTABLE CHESHIRE ENGAGEMENT: MISS DOROTHY ROYLANCE-COURT AND CAPTAIN DOUGLAS HARVEY TALBOT.

5. VICTORIOUS IN THE MIXED DOUBLES AT THE UNIONIST GARDEN PARTY: LADY LINLITHGOW WITH HER PRIZE AT PANSHANGER.

The Lord Mayor of London, Sir T. Vansittart Bowater, was initiated into golf on Saturday when he opened the new Shirley Park Club course at Croydon by driving off from the first tee. It was the first ball he had ever played, and, after striking a spectator on the head, it vanished into the rough.—A great crowd greeted Carpentier on his arrival in Paris, and "shouldered" him from the Gare du Nord to his car.—The Duchess of Marlborough recently addressed a large open-air Suffragette meeting

at Newport, U.S.A.—Captain Douglas Harvey Talbot, of Aston Lodge, Cheshire, who is to marry Miss Dorothy Roylance-Court on Thursday, is in the 17th Lancers. The bride's father, Mr. W. Roylance-Court, of The Manor House, Middlewich, is Master of the Cheshire Hunt.—At the Unionist garden party given by Mr. and Mrs. Almeric Paget at Panshanger on Saturday, the Marchioness of Linlithgow and Mr. Raymond Green won the Mixed Doubles in the lawn-tennis tournament.

Photographs by Pictorial Press, C.N., and Topical.

A NEW COUNTESS FROM CHILE: LORD LISBURNE'S BRIDE.



1. THE BRIDE AND BRIDEGROOM: THE EARL OF LISBURNE AND THE COUNTESS OF LISBURNE (FORMERLY MME. REGINA DE BITTENCOURT).
2. THE BRIDE'S MOTHER AND SISTER: MME. DE BITTENCOURT AND MME. ELITA DE BITTENCOURT LEAVING FOR THE CHURCH.
3. A WEDDING GROUP: (FROM LEFT TO RIGHT) STANDING: MME. ELITA DE BITTENCOURT, SIR EDWARD HULSE (THE BEST MAN), MISS URSULA CHAMBERLAIN, THE EARL OF LISBURNE (THE BRIDEGROOM), MISS ENID SCOTT ROBSON, AND LADY ENID VAUGHAN; SEATED: MISS BRIDGET BARCLAY, THE BRIDE, AND THE HON. MIMI DEL MERITO.

The wedding of Mme. Regina de Bittencourt and the Earl of Lisburne took place at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge. Mme. de Bittencourt is the elder daughter of Don Julio de Bittencourt, the popular Attaché of the Chilean Legation. Lord Lisburne, who is the seventh Earl, owns big estates in Wales. The manor and seat of Crosswood,

Aberystwyth, has been in the possession of the family since 1200. The family traces its descent from Collwyn ap Tangno, founder of the fifth noble tribe of Wales. Lord Lisburne, who is only twenty-two, is a Lieutenant in the Scots Guards. He succeeded his father in 1899.—[Photographs by L.N.A. and Lafayette.]



IN THE FASHION OF 1643 A.D.: "THE SIN OF DAVID," AT THE SAVOY.

The Neo-Biblical Play.

No doubt I ought to write very seriously about "The Sin of David," the three-act drama in verse at the Savoy by Mr. Stephen Phillips. The title of the piece and the name of the author seem to insist upon reverence; but it is very hot weather, and I have no great gift for being serious, except when hard up. And there are some humours connected with the affair. When the drama was written, the author wanted to tell us the story of David and Bathsheba and Uriah, and also of the formidable prophet Nathan; the Censor stood in the way with flaming sword, so David, became Sir Hubert Lisle, and Uriah, Captain Mardyke of the Parliamentary Army; Bathsheba is Mistress Mardyke, Nathan has been abolished, and the period converted to 1643 A.D. Since the time the play was written and published the Censor has been beaten all along the line. "Joseph and His Brethren" has seen the footlights, so David and Bathsheba could not be excluded. "Monna Vanna" has crept through the open door, and, more staggering still, after twenty-three years and a bittock of clamour, "Ghosts" has been legitimised. So poor Mr. Phillips might have told the original story without disguise and alteration — on the whole, a rather better story than he has contrived, though decidedly perplexing. And yet less commonplace, for the plot is much the stronger, if the hero, like David, and unlike Lisle, does break the Seventh Commandment, since the breach greatly strengthens the dramatic interest in the heroine. Bathsheba is a curious, shadowy person who apparently offered little, if any, resistance to David, and would not make a very heroic figure, having nothing but her beauty and the lack of judgment which appears by an episode after the death of David. So perhaps we are better off with Miriam, the young lady from France, who got married to Captain "Uriah" Mardyke much against her will, for he was an old, grim Puritan, and she young and skittish. Why she is supposed to come from France is rather puzzling: the mere explanation that her name is not at all French is hardly adequate. I fancy there is a lurking suggestion that the French ladies are naughtier than ours—a point on which I am willing to break a lance, or at least a pen. By-the-bye, Uriah the Hittite, whilst an excellent soldier with a stern sense of duty and a rather weak head for alcohol, may have been a comely young man, not an elderly Mardyke.

The Ambiguous Conclusion.

Of course you know the story of the play. The gallant Lisle falls in love with Mrs. Mardyke, but is too religious to break the Seventh Commandment: "instead of which" he got the elderly husband killed and married the buxom widow. (He rather reminds me of that merry old sinner Henry VIII., who believed in the maxim "marry early and often," but, being scrupulously moral, married consecutively, not concurrently, and got rid of inconvenient wives by violent means.) Lisle and his wife had

nine years of intensely happy union—which is a lot more than most men get—and so far as I can see he did not worry a bit over his indelicate treatment of his predecessor until young Master Lisle died of some mysterious malady, and Miriam treated his death as a punishment of some sin in her. The lady's conduct would have been plausible if she had broken *that* Commandment and bore the sin of adultery on her conscience, which was not the case:

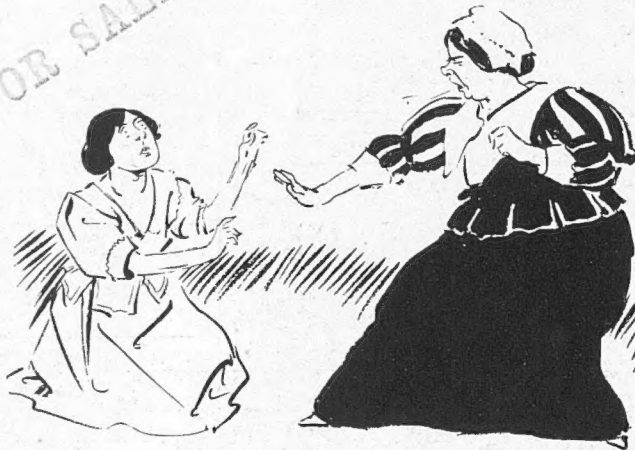
therefore she was a little extravagant in her attitude. Indeed, her strange view was merely used as a device for causing Lisle to tell her that he had sent her former husband to his death. One feels that the author has shirked a big tragedy—that, instead of his hero enjoying nine happy years, we ought to have found him during a gloomy act or two soul-tortured by his crime, almost hating his happiness, and wearying his wife by fits of melancholy which she could not understand. Of this, the real tragedy, there is no trace. As soon as Lisle has made his confession, Miriam, horrified, declares there is a gulf between them, and they must live apart, and that she must wander forth; but in a few minutes Lisle convinces her that this is unnecessary: his task is so

easy that he is not even forced to cite to her the case of the holy David, who had behaved worse, yet after the death of his Miriam's first-born soon became the father of the King Solomon who had such a vast number of wives, etc., and nevertheless said so many wise things—the wisdom of experience, perhaps. But—I should like the printer to put the "but" in capital letters, but I know he won't—the play is a little obscure at the end, and some critics think that the Lisles decided to live happily ever after in a vulgar way, and others imagine from the phrase "marriage at last of spirit, not of sense" that their union became like that of the hero and heroine in "The Cloister and the Hearth." My own opinion is that they ran the risk of presenting the world with another Solomon.

The Performance. A drama sketchy and not profound in psychology, but with some moving scenes and golden lines. Rather the work of the lyrical writer than a true dramatist. Curious, too, that the author, himself an actor of experience, gives the players no great opportunities, cuts up the speeches so that they cannot dig their teeth into them, and sins on the side of brevity. Hence, indeed, the fact that

Mr. H. B. Irving, though picturesque and occasionally impressive, does not stir us very deeply. Miss Miriam Lewes, a young actress of much talent, seemed at last in the part of Miriam to have a great opportunity; yet, although effective enough in suggesting the warm-blooded lady and really powerful in the last act, she is a little disappointing. Mr. Vibart played admirably as old Mardyke, and his sister was represented very well by Miss Marie Linden.

E. F. S. (MONOCLE.)



THE PURITAN'S WIFE IN LOVE: MIRIAM (MISS MIRIAM LEWES) SUCCEEDS IN SHOCKING MARTHA (MISS MARIE LINDEN).
CARICATURED BY TONY SARG.



"COUNTING THEM EVERY BEAD APART": THE PURITAN COLONEL (MR. HENRY VIBART) OBJECTS TO HIS WIFE'S ROSARY.
CARICATURED BY TONY SARG.

BY OUR UNTAMED ARTIST: "THE SIN OF DAVID."
AT THE SAVOY.



GETTING READY FOR BATTLE WITH A GUILTY CONSCIENCE: SIR HUBERT LISLE, ALIAS DAVID,
(MR. H. B. IRVING) AND HIS HENCHMAN, RATCLIFFE (MR. TOM REYNOLDS).

In Mr. Stephen Phillips's seventeenth-century version of David's misdemeanours, Bathsheba becomes a very fascinating lady from France, and her husband, Uriah of old, is a Puritan Colonel in Cromwell's army. As for David himself, he is

"Sir Hubert Lisle," the Colonel's commanding officer and guest, who sends his host to his death on a "forlorn hope" in order that he may marry the not unwilling widow. CARICATURED BY TONY SARG.

FOR SALE



LORD WODEHOUSE.

LORD WODEHOUSE learned his polo from Mr. Buckmaster. To say that he has been passed by the great man is to say everything: Mr. Buckmaster, undoubtedly the finest English player of his day, has a genius for handling ponies and men. When Mr. Whitney bought Rufus and Bendigo from the Buckmaster stables, he knew he was getting the product of unequalled judgment and horsemanship. In so far as the dollar can secure our ponies, America is able to buy our talent; but when Mr. Buckmaster makes an English player, he does something more valuable for his country.

Master and Pupil. He does something more valuable for his country—but one says so with a curious reservation. America, if it can get the ponies, cannot get the man: the strange thing is that England cannot always get him either. Lord Wodehouse belongs to the group of great players who for various reasons, good and bad, held aloof when Lord Wimborne was in desperate need of them. Mr. Buckmaster, Captain Cheape, and Lord Wodehouse were none of them available at the time of crisis; and though in the end Captain Cheape withdrew his refusal and Mr. Buckmaster eased the situation by showing his interest in the challenging team to the extent of organising preliminary test matches at Roehampton, we are left with a strong sense of having great players in England who are shy of playing. It is true Lord Wodehouse went to America last year; but he did not fancy riding the strange ponies that would have been provided for him this year. We cannot help thinking that, in learning a great game from Mr. Buckmaster, he has also learned something of his professor's fastidiousness. Like Mr. Buckmaster, he is never at his best in a scratch team; he wants to know his men and be known by them, and he wants his mounts to think of him as an elder brother.

The Car and the Cart.

His form at Roehampton this year has been more than ever brilliant. A hard player and fine hitter, he is not, perhaps, so recklessly daring as Mr. Buckmaster: he does not break his collar-bone nearly so often. He has a convenient knack of falling the right side up, and emerges beaming from most tumbles. Perhaps the talent is hereditary. When his mother, Lady Kimberley, was in a motor accident a few years ago, her own car, like her "opponent's," was smashed to pieces. It was a jumble of wreckage, but Lady Kimberley was not even scratched. The worst shaking she got, she explained, was on the way home—in a furniture-van!

Wodehouse Diffidence. In the male line there are traces of the same immunity. One ancestor was in the thick of Agincourt, and more or less unhurt; and, considering

its antiquity, the family records are singularly free from misadventures in the Tower or on the scaffold. The most notable case of a punishment in the severe old days was the heavy fining of a Wodehouse for refusing a knighthood—a less offence, some may think, than refusing a greater honour—a place in an English polo team!

Maid of Oil-Work. "Wodehouse is very amiable and civil," was Lord Granville's report on the late Peer when he was Minister-Plenipotentiary in St. Petersburg immediately after the Crimean War. "He is clever, well informed, and a good fellow," continues Granville; and a few days later he writes to Queen Victoria: "I venture to request your Majesty to present my respectful remembrances to the Princess Royal, and to advise her Royal Highness, when residing abroad, not to engage a Russian

maid. Lady Wodehouse found hers eating the contents of a pot on her dressing-table—it happened to be castor-oil pomatum for the hair."

A Commons Disappointment.

Lord Wodehouse is just over thirty. When he was twenty-three he stood for Mid-Norfolk, and had the fight of his life. Barely disguising his attitude towards politics and the election, he faced the constituency as a Liberal by rather haphazard inclination, and a sportsman by nature; he wanted to experiment and ascertain if he cared for the political life, and he wanted the adventure of going to the poll. At any rate, he threw himself into it, with the result that there was the largest polling ever known in the district. The other man got 4170 votes; Lord Wodehouse got 4197. Entering the Commons

with a majority of twenty-seven, Lord Wodehouse kept his seat for four years, mainly because there was no good reason for getting out of it. Four years was long enough experience to show him that such ideals as he cherished would not flourish in the stifling atmosphere of Westminster, and more than long enough to explode the fallacy that the Commons is the best club in London. He prefers the Bath, plus the polo-field. At any rate, he did not stand for Parliament again.

"Jack is the Boy."

"Jack" to all his friends, he plays a lordly game without display; he takes sides without any sort of side. And he has the distinction of being the best polo-player of his class. Lord Rocksavage, like Lord St. Leven and Melville, is improving every day; Lord Dalmeny has notable qualities; Lord St. Germans, who did great things for the Scots Greys recently against the Dragoon Guards in the Subaltern Tournament, is a polo peer who is extremely capable; but Lord Wodehouse, in the phrase of his playmates, "is the boy of them all."



A GREAT POLO-PLAYER: LORD WODEHOUSE, WHO HAS BEEN SHOWING BRILLIANT FORM AT ROEHAMPTON THIS YEAR.

Lord Wodehouse learnt his polo from Mr. Buckmaster, probably the finest "coach" of the game in any part of the world. He did not accompany the British team to America this year, but he went with them last year, and played in the team at Hurlingham in 1909 when England won by 7 to 1. His form at Roehampton this year has been more than ever brilliant.—[Photograph by Sport and General]

A ROYAL ROMANCE: THE ENGLISH BRIDE OF A BOURBON.



638 36. Germany.
 MARRIED QUIETLY IN LONDON TO PRINCE LOUIS OF BOURBON, DUKE OF ANSOLA: PRINCESS LOUIS
 OF BOURBON, FORMERLY MISS BEATRICE HARRINGTON.

The marriage of Prince Louis of Bourbon and Miss Beatrice Harrington was the culmination of a romance which began about a year ago at Folkestone, where the couple first met. The wedding took place quietly last Thursday at the Church of St. Charles Borromeo in Ogle Street, Fitzroy Square. The bride, who is twenty-three, was Miss Beatrice Harrington, of 6, Seaford Court, Great Portland Street. She is a

daughter of Mr. James Harcourt Harrington. The bridegroom is a cousin of King Alfonso, and belongs to the third branch of the royal line of the Spanish Bourbons. His full name and title is Prince Louis Alfonso de Bourbon de Bernaldo de Quiros, Duke of Ansola. He is twenty-seven, and is the elder son of the late Prince Louis de Bourbon, Duke of Ansola, who married, in 1886, Germana Bernaldo de Quiros, Marquesa de Atarfe.

Photograph by Val l'Estrange.



CROWNS · CORONETS · COURTIER

THOUGH Mr. Gillett's luncheons give many strangers a nodding acquaintance with the Bachelors' Club, it is, on the whole, a place of reserves and preserves. Mr. Gillett himself is a continual contradiction to its main characteristics, for the typical member is a young man who, with youth's exclusiveness, has two or three men friends, and hardly ever avails himself of the privilege of inviting ladies. Mr. Gillett, on the other hand, ropes in everybody, from Ambassadors to débutantes, with Father Bernard Vaughan or a Bishop to murmur the apology for a grace and promise a church. Mr. Gillett is continually defeating the purposes of the club by entertaining the most inveterate matchmakers in the very heart of bachelordom.



MISS FLORA McDOUGAL, WHOSE MARRIAGE WITH CAPTAIN H. WEBB-BOWEN WAS ARRANGED FOR THE 18TH. INST.

Miss Flora McDougal is a daughter of the late Mr. Thomas McDougal, of Heriot, Midlothian.

Photograph by Lallie Charles.

among the "Hons." But do they, like ordinary members, pay the matrimonial fine of £25, and has the Prince of Wales informed himself on this point?

At the Corner. The corner houses are asserting themselves. The Bachelors' Club and the inevitable figure at the window have been catching the eye of every passer; in Belgrave Square, Lady Bathurst's corner house was lately the scene of a delightful dance; and Mrs. Herbert Johnson entertained a great party at No. 1, Bryanston Square at the beginning of last week. Lady Allendale's dance was on the same night, and a number of people accepted invitations for both. Lady Lovelace and Lady Evelyn King were not only down on both lists of "accepted," but did actually manage to turn up at both functions. If a prize were given for "regular attendance" at all the season's dances, it would go to the energetic Lady Evelyn and her marvellous mother.

Shootings. Mrs. Herbert Johnson will in due course leave London, her corner-house, her Piranesis, and a restricted horizon, for the forest of Affarie, in Inverness-shire—one of the most desirable of Scottish shootings. With thirty thousand acres fully stocked with deer and yielding about eighty stags and sixty hinds, it has besides famous trout-fishing in the lochs and streams. If Mr. Herbert Johnson is weary of the Stock Exchange, Affarie is the best of places for getting out of range. Of

other great shootings, the Duke of Argyll's forest in the Isle of Mull will be occupied by Lord Eglinton, the Ben Ula forest by Lord Hythe, Blackmount by Lord Durham, and Lord Lovat's Inchnacardoch by Colonel Henry. M. Georges Hersent, will shoot Lord Dalhousie's Hunthill estate.

Mr. Balfour's Time Limits.

Mr. Balfour manages to keep cool at moments of extreme heat, and with Sir Edward Carson almost at his elbow! At the Royal Automobile Club the other day he was lunching with a most vivacious lady while the newsboys shouted Sir Edward's latest ultimatum in the street; but nothing stopped the flow of the lady's conversation, nor did "A. J. B.'s" smiling attention ever falter.



CAPTAIN H. WEBB-BOWEN, WHOSE MARRIAGE WITH MISS FLORA McDOUGAL WAS ARRANGED FOR THE 18TH.

Captain Webb-Bowen holds a Commission in the Royal Welsh Fusiliers.

Photograph by Lallie Charles.

He was again among ladies at his sister's At Home in Carlton Gardens, but in a severer atmosphere. The Countess of Selborne, Lady Betty Balfour, and Mrs. Fawcett had all serious things to talk about; and Mr. Balfour on this occasion, it might be mentioned, stayed for only a few minutes.

Sir Joseph Beecham's Coinage. The ins and outs of the Covent Garden Estate affair are too bewildering for the plain man; and the figures quite beyond him. But everybody is agreed that Sir Joseph has given a new word to the language and that any vast sum of money—the exact magnitude of which is not known—shall, in future, be called a pillion.

Jam and the Charitable.

Lady Ancaster's interest in outings for working girls is unflagging. She will have hundreds of holidays to her credit before the end of the summer, for she has the knack of showing her friends how easy it is for them to make themselves useful in the good cause. One warning, however, she finds necessary for those who are unlearned in good works: people who help children by organising teas and lending cars must wipe jam right off the menu. Let cakes and skittles be provided, but nothing sticky, or the motor cushions inevitably suffer on the way home.

Rags and Tuppence.

Miss Lena Ashwell's Rag Regatta takes a gay little crowd to Cookham on Friday. A Potato Race, a Bun Race, and a Punt Tug-of-War are the chief events of the afternoon—with a twopenny entrance-fee for each of them, and Miss Lena Ashwell (but not in rags) presiding. The regatta is arranged in behoof of the Three Arts Club in the Marylebone Road, where Miss Lena Ashwell is wise and fair and very graceful all the year round.



TO MARRY MISS DOROTHY MALONE: CAPTAIN M. G. MICHOLLS.

Captain Micholls is in the 17th Lancers, and is the eldest son of Mr. Montefiore Micholls, of Queen's Gate.—[Photograph by Beresford.]



TO MARRY CAPTAIN M. G. MICHOLLS: MISS DOROTHY MALONE.

Miss Dorothy L'Estrange Malone is the daughter of the late Rev. Savile Malone and Mrs. Malone, of Eccleston Street, S.W.—[Photograph by Sarony.]

HARDLY IN HOMESPUN AT THE HOMESPUN "AT HOME."



1. BUYERS AND SELLERS: (FROM LEFT TO RIGHT) THE HON. MRS. BROUGHTON ADDERLEY, THE COUNTESS OF ROSSLYN, LADY ROSEMARY LEVESON-GOWER, THE HON. BRIDGET COLEBROOKE, AND LADY ENID FANE.

3. INTERESTED IN HARRIS TWEEDS AND HAND-KNITTED STOCKINGS: THE DUKE OF SUTHERLAND, WITH THE COUNTESS OF PEMBROKE.

2. A GUEST AT THE HOMESPUN "AT HOME": MISS FOLEY STANDING BESIDE ONE OF THE STALLS FOR THE METAL-WORK WHICH WAS ALSO SOLD.

4. A CHANGE FROM SHETLAND SHAWLS: LADY NEWBOROUGH AND LADY MAGDALEN BULKELEY.

Society turned up in great force, and in a buying mood, at the "At Home" given at Hanover Lodge (lent for the occasion by Lady Beatty) by the Duchess of Sutherland and Millicent Duchess of Sutherland, for the annual sale of work by the Scottish Home Industries Association and the Duchess of Sutherland's Cripples' Guild. A brisk trade was done in Harris, Sutherland, and Shetland tweeds, and the guests

bought very generously. Some of the men might be seen going about with hand-knitted stockings hung over their shoulders, and many ladies with baskets purchased at the stall of the Newcastle Cripples' Guild. The basket-work was sold by Lady Borthwick, shawls and woollen garments by Lady Hugh Grosvenor and Lady Alice Leslie, and stockings by the Countess of Selkirk.—[Photographs by Topical and Record Press.]



By GRANT RICHARDS.

(Author of "Covine" and "Valentine.")

A YOUNG friend of mine some three years out of his teens—a boy, of course, but having in his carriage and behind his smooth forehead all the worldly wisdom of the ages:—one of those pleasant, clean-looking boys who wear black short coats and check trousers, a carnation in his button-hole, and the constant appearance of assured and yet diffident pleasure—has just been to see me about a matter which troubles him very much, but with which for some reason he doesn't seem able to cope. I do not know that I can cope with it myself, but I have a great deal of sympathy with him, for what he complains of I have known for years—ever, indeed, since the building that shelters it was first erected.

Understand to begin with that X., my young friend, is more interested just now in his own appearance than in that vital problem of his own future. He doesn't, since he came down from Oxbridge, seem to wake up till something like eleven o'clock. Why, indeed, should he? He has for so long been out of his bed till hours after the summer sun has gilded the streets. In the morning he pays, tossing from side to side of his uneasy couch, for those hours that he spent overnight in drinking poor champagne, learning new dancing steps, and swallowing lager-beer. His months and years of hard work will come later on. Just now he feels emancipated from all duty and all rule. Life with him is a constant amusement; one junketing follows another. He did his best—within reason—at the seat of learning which he patronised; is by no means confident of the result of the "exams" for which fitfully he worked; and is now evading for as long as he can the necessity of making up his mind as to what profession or what trade he shall choose for his support.

He was very frank. The lady, the young girl, almost the child, to whom for the moment he has—entirely *pour le bon motif* of course—attached himself chooses that on those many occasions on which she and her parents allow him to entertain her the place of entertainment shall be the Carlton. I see them there at lunch, at tea, at dinner, and sometimes—accompanied by some form of chaperon—at supper.

jug in which float cherries and strawberries. But unless the management of the Carlton can see its way to make a small alteration in its entrance-hall my young friend's excursions into these realms of happy luxury are to lose all their zest—they have indeed lost it.

"I never noticed it myself," he said to me, "but the other night



PLAYING AT SHOPS: LORD BURGHERSH AND MISS BETTINE STUART-WORTLEY AT THE DUCHESS OF SUTHERLAND'S GARDEN SALE.

Many well-known people assisted at the "At Home" given by the Duchess of Sutherland and Millicent, Duchess of Sutherland, in the garden of Hanover Lodge, Regent's Park, for the sale of Scottish homespun for the Staffordshire Cripples' Guild of Handicrafts.—[Photograph by Topical.]

I'd been to fetch Kitty and we drove straight down to Pall Mall. She looked stunning and I knew I was all right: Hill's had just sent me home a new dress-suit. I was jolly pleased with myself and we were going afterwards to see 'The Cinema Star.' Well, when we got there Kitty went into the dressing-room to leave her cloak, and I went into the other dressing-room to give my hair a final touch. Just as I was coming out I met a chap I know. 'Look at yourself in that glass,' he said—you know that glass that you are reflected in as you come out of the men's cloak-room. I did. It spoiled all my pleasure for that night and it's been spoiling my pleasure ever since. I couldn't believe I looked so beastly, that I had such a rotten shape, and was altogether so ungraceful and short-legged."

I stopped him. I knew all about it. I verily believe that the defect to which I am now drawing Monsieur Kraemer's attention is the only defect in the whole of that building. I discovered it myself years and years ago—in 1899, I fancy—and ever since then I have been intending when opportunity offered to point it out to the authorities who control the fortunes of the Carlton. Some accident of the angle at which the mirrors that face the men's cloak-room are set turns what should be the most flattering of reflectors into a distorting-glass. I don't say it is very bad. If it was very bad it would be an amusement—and heaven knows that one wants an amusement after one has waited for one's guests for half-an-hour. But it distorts the human figure just sufficiently to destroy one's equanimity, or at least the equanimity of that young kind to whom proportion and its slim, well-trousered length is far more important than the fate of Ulster or the exact value of Mr. Joseph Conrad. When one has given one's hair its final touch, has arranged one's cuffs, has made sure that one's boots are spotless, then one knows one is looking one's best. One comes out of the cloak-room at peace with the world, content—and then suddenly one sees oneself in the mirror and one realises that one is two or three inches shorter than imagination had painted, that one's legs are not straight . . .

How can one be one's best after such an ordeal?



WELL PROTECTED: MISS AILEEN CRAIG AND "CAPTAIN" AT THE ULSTER HEADQUARTERS.

Miss Aileen Craig, who is the daughter of Captain Craig, M.P., is seen with her dog, "Captain," at her father's house, Craigavon, which is now the headquarters of the Ulster Volunteers.

Photograph by Sport and General.

They become the place. They look rather brave and jolly gazing into one another's eyes, talking about nothing in particular but always about themselves, eating pleasant food with a hearty appetite and drinking a yellow rather sweet liquid out of a large

"The Sketch" Supplement to the "Encyclopædia of Sport"!



X.—BLASTING LIMPETS ON THE BARBARY COAST.

DRAWN BY W. HEATH ROBINSON.

FIVE O'CLOCK FRIVOLITIES

LONDON BY NIGHT—RED REVELS AND RHODODENDRONS.

BY MARTHE TROLY-CURTIN.

Author of "Phrynette and London" and "Phrynette Married."

YOU know most of them—the dancers-by, you meet them week after week. They were at the Covent Garden Artists' Balls, at the Fleet Street Revels, at the Chelsea Town Hall Dances—called "Red Revels" once more to justify the eternal wisdom of "What's in a name?" for Red Revels are in truth a multi-coloured *mêlée*. You saw them again at the Atelier Dances, at the Gorgonzola, and where not.

You know them well by face, if not always by fame; you recognise them again under their different and most often self-made costumes. And it is a strange thing to be toe-trodden and jostled against and elbowed in for several months in the year by quite a familiar herd whom yet you do not know well enough to talk to or to dance with! They form a queer and lovable *confrérie*: artists all—or artists' friends. The mannequin, the model, and the miss . . . minus—mamma.

Chacun avec sa chacune—as we say in French: each with each's one. And it is indeed each's one—and only one, for they come in pairs, he and she; and strange to say, it is generally the same he with the same she, ball after ball! And they cling desperately to each other, as if on a sinking ship, throughout the twenty dances or so of the night. There is even, I believe, a certain queer code that though "a-chap-may-know-a-girl, don't-you-know, she-has - come - with - another -

chap—and there it is," . . . and so they strictly sort themselves two by two. To every artist his own pal-ette! as Maid Marcelle says: there is no such pitiless punster as he or she who is learning a language!

During this past season, chaperoned by my two young nieces, Maid Marcelle and Germaine the Imp, I have been sampling the floors of the aforesaid ball-rooms, without mentioning many others too tame to talk about, too right to write about—the sort of ball-rooms where they still quadrille, and where rows of mummy-mothers dading the walls try to keep awake by mentally condemning the frock, manners, and dancing of every other mummy-mother's daughter!

Those balls don't amuse you or me any more than they amuse the ankylosed mothers. And if they only knew, those mothers, how much better a marriage market is the shortest sea-trip than the longest ball, and how much healthier! One has hardly time to propose during the ball, and—after the ball, often one's ardour cools down. But what is one to do, I ask you, on board ship between earth and sky, unless one proposes—one can't play quoits all day! But at Artists' Balls there is no scheming chaperon, no plan, and often no programme, and *etiquette* is a blank label! (I hope you understand French, or you will not be able to appreciate this most excellent pun!) And there is no master of ceremony. They do not stand on ceremonies at the Artists' Balls; and the word "Master" among artists has only one meaning—the greatest title there can be in a class finely free from "kotowing." Those who go there, go there to dance, and they do dance through the night, unless the stairs and the rhododendrons prove too much for them. Who ever has been to the Botanical Gardens Balls knows the magic appeal of the rhododendrons, and no one who has not been there can comprehend the particular fascination of those particular rhododendrons! It is not that they are finer or rarer than others—Hyde Park has

better ones; so have Kew Gardens and Virginia Waters. It is the hour, the place, the warm palm on your arm, and the witchery of a midsummer night that go to compose their glory.

"Do come and see the rhododendrons!" is the after-dance refrain at the Botanical Gardens Ball. It is hot under the marquise; there is outside the "moonlight loveliness," as they say in "The Sin of David," and your nieces are not looking! And if it is too dark to see, you can just beat about the rhododendrons bush!—colliding with other Nature-lovers whose indefinite pairs in the blue night whisper and glide and vanish like ghosts among the foliage—the ghosts of young beings that ever have been and shall ever be. A reminiscence of a happy, hazy, lazy landscape *à la Watteau*. And you come back hand in hand—I mean, arm in arm—for the next Boston or the next two-steps, and on your way, from under every bush, from every secluded bench, dual forms, oddly accoutred, called up by the music, rise and join in the procession like the rats on the heels of the Pied Piper of Hamelin. Truly a mad world, my readers! But not mad enough to wish to be sane!

In front of me a slim, shadowy thing suspended at the arm of a Futurist phantom talks sweetly in broken-to-smithereens English! I pick up a few *débris* now and then.

"Zee Bal Tabarin?" Oh, no! I wished never to take myself to one place such; get is not a spot well, not *comme il faut*; only strange people go, foreigners—follow you?"

I recognise the voice of my little niece, Marcelle, and pull gently at one of her hanging plaits.

"You know, dear, it is four o'clock—time to go to bed!"

"I am all ready!" says she. And she speaks truly—her hair is plaited for the night, her feet are bare in heelless slippers, and she is pyjamaed from neck to ankles in pale-blue silk! If her mother could see her! But I am too much of a pal ever to split! Somewhere behind me I know that another niece of mine—that imp Germaine—is disporting herself ("ye gods and little fishes!") in a red bathing-suit. I did remonstrate with those girls: "Don't you," I said, "feel somewhat—er—stripped—like eels ready for the pan?"

The two minxes stared at me and at my dress, more at me than at my dress—for obvious reasons. There was more of me!

"Well!" they exclaimed together, as they do on the stage, "I like that!"

"I am glad you do, dears; what there is of it is rather *chic*, isn't it?" I said, wilfully ignoring their sarcasm; and, closing up my scarf and trying to look dignified and auntified, I changed the subject of conversation. But the part of an unmaiden aunt is an uneasy one!—when your nieces remember your mutual nursery and forget their manners!

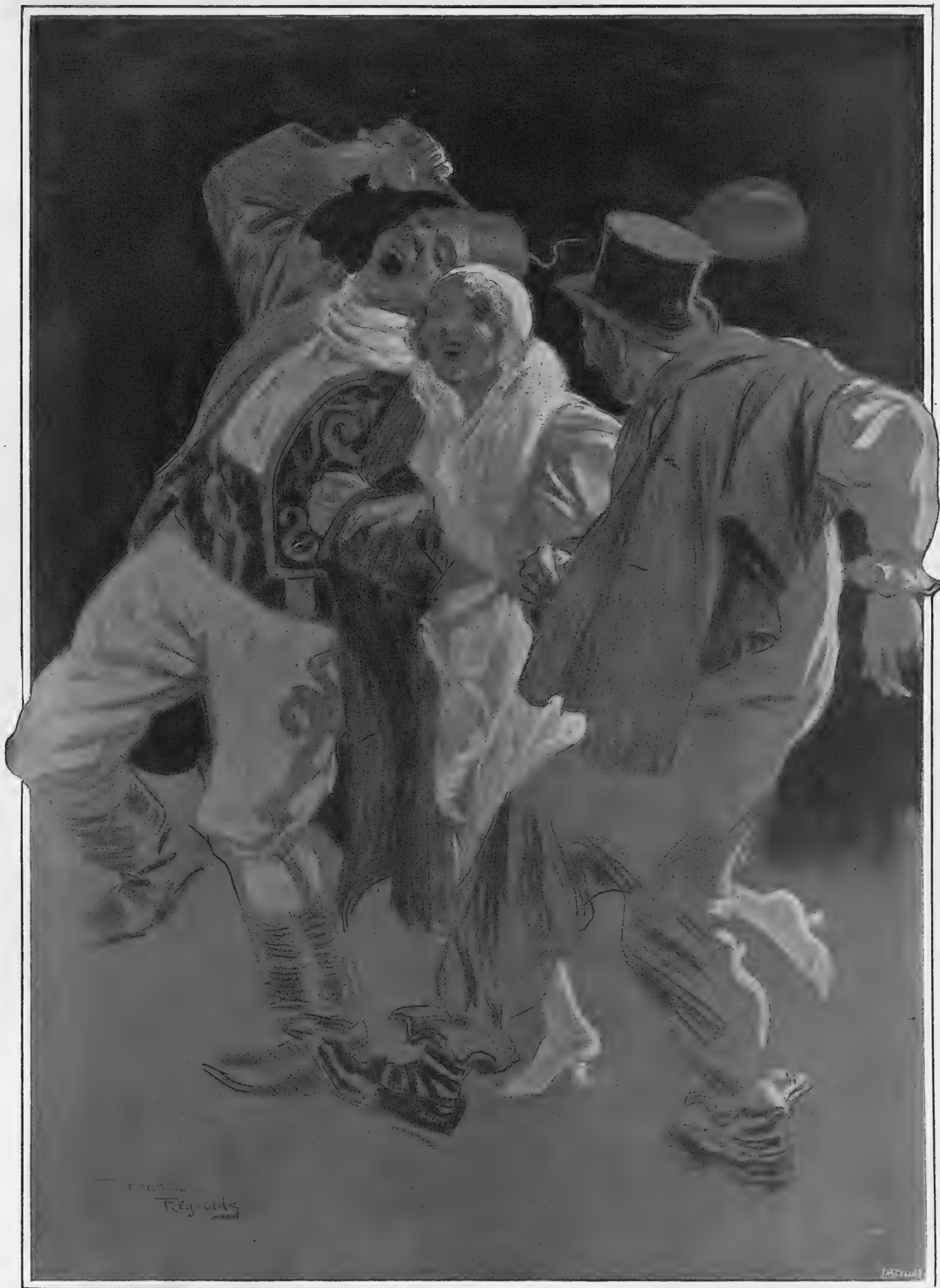


"RED REVELLERS": TYPES WE ALL KNOW
AT CHELSEA OR COVENT GARDEN.
DRAWN BY FRANK REYNOLDS.



"TO EVERY ARTIST HIS OWN PAL-ETTE": FAIR
REVELLERS FROM THE MULTI-COLOURED MÊLÉE.
DRAWN BY FRANK REYNOLDS.

London by Night: No. I. The Red Revels.



FOR SALE

"HOMEWARD BOUND" (THE NEAREST THING TO REVELRY I SAW.)

DRAWN BY FRANK REYNOLDS. (SEE ARTICLE ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE.)

THE LITERARY LOUNGER

THE LADY OF THE LOVERS: CANOVA'S VENUS.*

Pauline : The Preamble.

In June 1793, and after much tribulation, Signora Letizia Bonaparte reached Marseilles. With her was a cheerful troop of out-at-elbows boys and down-at-heels girls. Second of the three down-at-heels was Pauline (Paulette, then); the first was Elisa, destined to be Princess of Lucca and Piombino and Grand Duchess of Tuscany; the third, Caroline, who was to wear the crown of Naples. The out-at-elbows were Joseph, Lucien, Louis, and Jérôme. The second son, Napoleon, was hard by beleaguered Toulon, beginning that career which was to make him the Scourge of Europe. Twelve months later, the royalist Peltier would have us believe, the fourteen-year-old Pauline knew her first lover; entered Memoir-History; and bathed in Marseilles Harbour in precisely the amount of clothing Trilby wore when she altogether shocked Little Billie! But Peltier is not to be relied upon. Nor are various stories. Many a slander was spoken at the port, and "Bonaparte never forgave the Marseillais this." It is evident, however, that Pauline was, in the language of some suburban, not over-particular. She was first attracted to Stanislas Fréron, who "appealed to women, and, even in his most sinister moments, remained a dandy and a libertine." The proposed match fell through, however. Not, doubtless, because Fréron boasted a mistress, but probably because Napoleon feared the suitor's notoriety. "Could he, in cold blood, receive into the family circle, and bind up with his own future, the man who personified all the atrocities, the guilt, the horror which were associated with the Terror?"

Woosers; and Widowhood.

So, after a space in which Andoche Junot, the future Duc d'Abrantès, sighed like a furnace, M. de La Salcetté, a gentleman of Dauphiné, paid mild court, and Citizen Billon, a well-to-do

fever, a lock of her hair was put, at her desire, under the "cap" of the mummy-wrappings swathing the body, and on the golden urn enclosing the leaden casket in which the dead man's heart was taken back to France was the inscription: "Paulette Bonaparte, married to General Leclerc, Prairial 20, year V., has enclosed in this urn her love together with the heart of her husband, whose perils and whose glory she had shared."

Tattle; and Lovers.

The widowed Pauline had not been long in Paris before talk began again. Some of the sayings were absurd. Witness: "General Leclerc's widow, Pauline Bonaparte, returned from Hayti dragging along behind her, Artemisia-fashion, her husband's body, most



DEFEATED IN THE FINAL OF THE CORONATION POLO CUP:
THE CAVALRY CLUB TEAM.

From left to right: Mr. B. Osborne, Captain F. B. Hurdall, Mr. G. Phipps-Hornby, Captain A. N. Edwards.—[Photograph by Sport and General.]

carefully boxed up and never out of her sight. Some boobies got quite enthusiastic over this touching example of conjugal fidelity; but what would they have said had they known that the General's mortal remains had been consigned to the sewers, and that this coffin, so carefully tended, was filled instead with the diamonds and a portion of the treasure that he and his noble wife had stolen during the expedition? Other tattle seems to have had bases; though none can say how many of those credited with being lovers of Pauline were so in truth. The list is long—and in certain cases unquestionably false: the Marquess Charles Louis Huguet de Sémonville, "short, fat, and jolly," and forty-three, who boasted himself one of five; General Jean Joseph Amable Humbert, Ponsard's "*Lion amoureux*," "so much of a ladies' man as to have lost two posts for what he did on that account"; Denis De Crès, the Admiral, Minister of Marine, admirer, not lover; Pierre Rapenoville, who was Lafon, "hero" at the Comédie Française.

More "Names" and Canova's Venus.

Then there has to be noted Pauline's wedding to Prince Camillo Borghese, who has been called "the dummy husband" by those accusing him of complacency. And still more names: M. de Montbreton, riding-master; M. de Montrond; M. Jules de Canouville, of the army of dandies and of Berthier's staff; the Prince of Würzburg; Maxime de Villemarest, Borghese's secretary; M. de Forbin, couplet-maker, artist, and writer; Blangini, a modest musician; and Talma, the great tragedian, whose part in the "unknown liaison of Pauline's" is now first revealed by Mr. Fleischmann. In the midst, too, the posing to Canova for his famous Venus, that statue which has immortalised both sculptor and model, and was put under lock and key by Prince Borghese. So to the end: the coming of Death and with that dread advent yet another sign of the strange vanity of Pauline. The doctors had to promise her that her body should be left unmarred by surgeon's knife.—"Pauline Bonaparte" is a book to read.



ONE OF THE FINEST MATCHES OF THE SEASON: THE 12TH LANCERS TEAM
THAT WON THE CORONATION POLO CUP.

From left to right: Captain T. R. Badger; Mr. R. S. W. R. Wyndham-Quin; Mr. B. G. Nicholas; and Mr. E. H. Leatham. The victory of the 12th Lancers by 7 goals to 6 constitutes a record, as never before has a regimental team won this competition.—[Photograph by Sport and General.]

soap-maker, asked for her hand, Pauline married Brigadier-General Leclerc. Then the groom had to leave the bride in Paris, to serve in the Italy army. Pauline seized the opportunity to have herself educated. During her studies came an interruption caused by the birth of a son, duly called Louis Napoléon Dermide. A few months later the young wife, answering her autocratic brother's "pressing invitation," went to Hayti, Leclerc being put in command there after the retaking of the place from the negroes. It is suggested that the Citoyenne had her lovers during her husband's absence near the Spanish frontier; it has been more than suggested that she had a number in what is now the Black Republic. Rumour's tongue was always wagging. But when her husband died of yellow

* "Pauline Bonaparte and Her Lovers." By Hector Fleischmann. Authorised Translation. Illustrated. (John Lane; 12s. 6d. net.)

O WATERFALL WAS THERE!



FOR SALE

A. VOICE FROM THE PARASOL : Clarence dear, we really must be going back now.

DRAWN BY LEO ADDIS.



A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL

GAIETY.

By JOHN HUNTER SEDGWICK.

GEORGE A. PUSENDORFER was reckoned a serious man in Pittsburgh. At a quarter to eight every week-day he ate a serious and heavy breakfast, and on Sundays he took the same sort of meal at nine o'clock. Soon after breakfast, that was shared by Mrs. Pusendorfer, it was his custom to give that excellent and accomplished woman several pudgy kisses and then to take the electric car for his office. Here he worked at his profession of attorney, drawing leases, wills, deeds of trust, and all those delightful instruments that go so far to cheer our existence. At one o'clock he used to repair to the Turradoga Boot and Shoe Club, where he ate a hearty but serious luncheon with other serious men. They indulged in grave pleasantries, but everything was responsible. All spoke gravely of the Constitution, of Democracy, of Woman's Sphere in the Home, of Progress. They were serious, dynamic men that might over-eat occasionally and did run to double chin, but they treated the Decalogue like a hot plate. They might be merciless, but they were not light-minded.

We are most of us like the delicious fruit of Wiesbaden, and live private and imparadised within our several walls. You cannot be surprised, then, that when the Pittsburgh Salt and Smoked Provision Dealers' Association, of which Pusendorfer in his capacity of serious man was a member, made preparation to take a European trip, George decided to leave Mrs. Pusendorfer for a few weeks. So George proceeded to book his passage with a little party of five hundred fellow-members of the P.S.A.S.P.D.A. The voyage to Britain's shores was a sunny one, and when one fine day forty or fifty members decided to run over from London to Paris George hastily joined them. On the run from Calais to Paris they abated somewhat of their seriousness, and Pusendorfer was even heard to say that "they set an elegant table on these French dining-cars." And Paris welcomed them, or said that it did, which is much the same thing. Just how George became separated from his companions will always remain a mystery, but he did, and found himself alone on the boulevard about ten o'clock. Being a serious man and convinced of his own worth, he strolled along and watched the crowd: the cuirassier in his burnished helmet, the law student with his spade beard, Cloacette de Jalmy as she was whirled by to sing a song at a revue, the green lights, the red lights, the pink lights, the steady lights, and the lights that revolve like an alimentary canal overtaking itself. All these things George Pusendorfer saw, and many more. He meditated upon the superiority of democratic ideals in the land of great achievements, and also noted that light-topped boots looked well on some feet. A light rain began to fall, a very little, but enough to encourage the copious liquid mud of the Paris streets. The November air was sharp, and the *camelots* walked briskly as they cried the names of the newspapers. Pusendorfer sought shelter in a café, and just as he had chosen a table a voice in good English, but with a marked French accent, said—

"How do you do to-night?"

Startled, Pusendorfer turned and saw a very good-looking woman smiling genially at him.

"Will you pay for a drink, little one? My shoulder-blades are chattering"—and she motioned him to the chair beside her. It is a terrible thing for a serious, constructive man to be called a little one, and it is still more terrible for him to find himself obeying the user of the term. In Pittsburgh nobody would have called George a little one; men would have called him a forceful, dynamic, progressive man, but never "little one." It is extremely painful to be denied a dignity one does not deserve, but Pusendorfer said—

"Pleased to meet you," and he sat down.

"Order something," said George's new acquaintance, as a waiter came to them and inclined his ear in bitter patience. "Refreshments,

not *causeries*. Remember my shoulder-blades. Later, you may talk brilliantly, friend of my youth."

"*Deux cognacs, avec 'n peu de sucre*," said she. "Now then, M'sieu, to your good health, and many thanks," and she pledged him. Dumbly, as in a dream, did the constructive, dynamic Pusendorfer do the same, inwardly raging thus to be directed.

"Tell me, what is your little name?"

With helpless indignation, Pusendorfer told her.

"George? *Mon Dieu, quel nom!* And Pusendorfaire? Droll of a man, to-night you are Raoul. Tell me, Raoul, have you a wife?" and the woman leaned forward and brushed a crumb of sugar from the massive arm of Pusendorfer.

"Paris seems to be a very gay place," said George subtly.

"My faith, yes!" said George's friend, laughing. "You like gaiety, Raoul. You have that appearance. Yes, Paris is an extremely gay place—you see how pleasant the weather is. Your wife is in Paris with you, Raoul?"

But George was not to be shaken from his purpose of dynamically changing the subject of conversation far away from the absent Mrs. Pusendorfer. "Yes," he said critically, "Paris is a very gay place, and the cost of all these electric lights must be tremendous. Do you have the Edison system? We have it at Pitts—" He pulled himself up and looked carelessly into the street at a man picking up a cigarette-butt.

"I am not electrician," said the woman. "Are you of that trade? And what is Pitts?"

George A. Pusendorfer resented even this innocent and unintentional neglect of a beautiful city.

"Perhaps you didn't hear me. I reefer to Pittsburgh, the leader in the steel industry and a good many other lines," said George firmly and in that patriotic tone that so much enhances any conversation.

"Ah, yes," said she. "And he is, no doubt, a friend of yours. But is he an old man?"

With an angry look in his small eyes, George said, "It's not a man."

"*Mais parfaitement*. A lady, then, and beyond doubt very rich," and the woman smiled indulgently. "Raoul, why do you wear such strange boots? But first, order me another cognac."

Shocked beyond description that his boots should be thus criticised, George A. Pusendorfer determined to show the heathen their blindness. "That," said he manfully, "that is the orthopedic last. It gives the foot a chance to grow naturally, like the statues." To his surprise, the woman seemed very much pleased with the idea.

"Raoul," asked she, "are you the Winged Victory or just Apollo? It is a gratification to talk to you. And your feet still grow, *hein*? What is the hour, little one? Time flies when we converse about the feet of Pitts and the electricity. But you did not answer my question, Raoul, and that is not polite. Are you electrician? You make lights?"

"Oh, no," said George A. Pusendorfer gravely. "I am a member of the Bar."

"Ah, *du barreau—très chic*," she added, after a moment's thought.

"Wee," said Pusendorfer neatly.

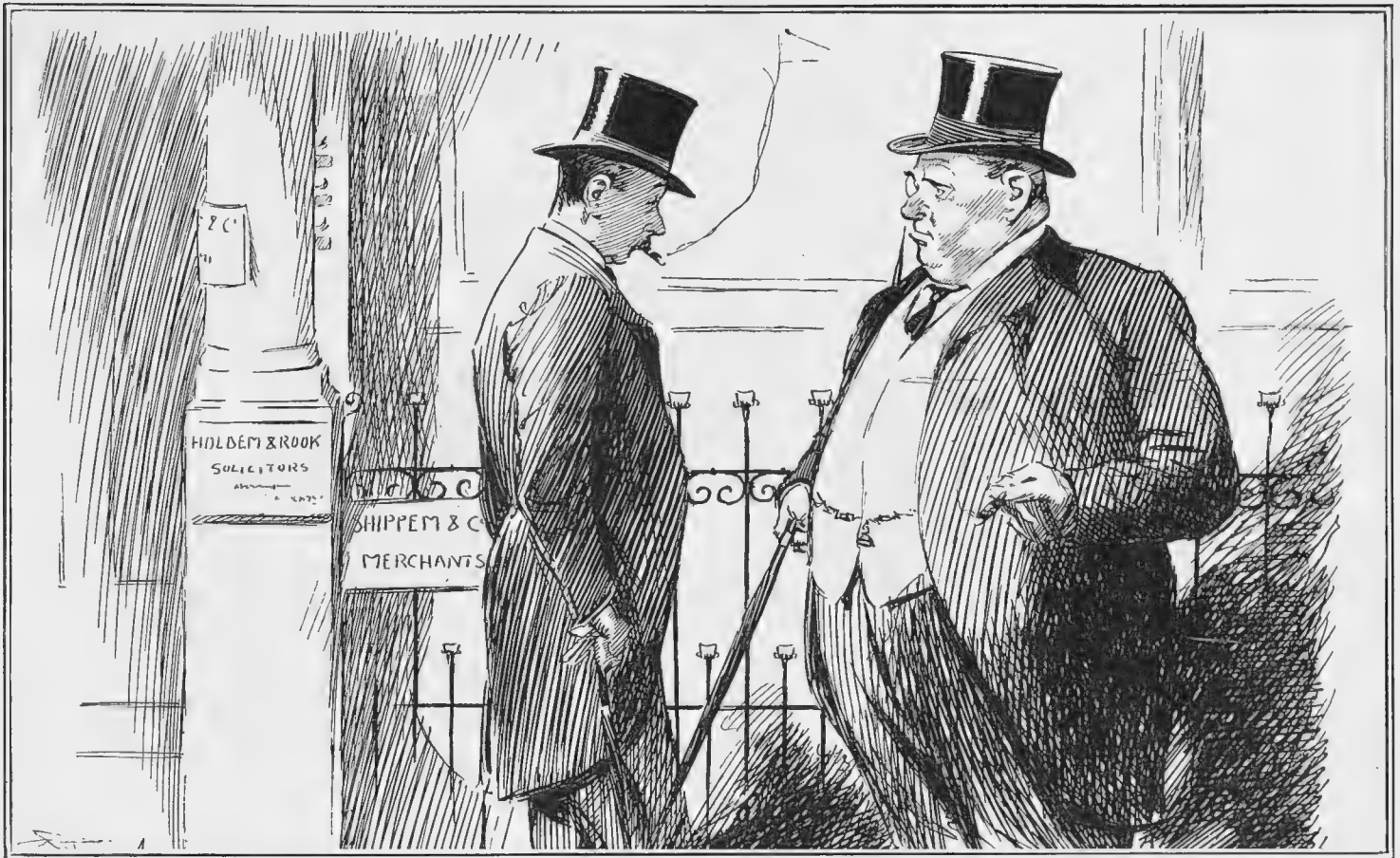
"Why did you pretend that you could not talk French, you sly little man?" asked George's friend.

All dynamic men like to be accused of slyness: it is a compliment to their dynamicness.

"Oh, well," said Pusendorfer with a blush, "I've picked up a few words here and there. You talk fine English, Mademoiselle."

[Continued overleaf.]

OUR DOMESTICS!



BROWN (*whose new cook is worse than the last*): It was you who recommended that new cook to my wife, wasn't it?

JONES (*with diffidence*): Yes, old man.

BROWN (*vengefully*): Then I must ask you to come home to dinner with me to-night.

DRAWN BY FRANK STYCHÉ.



A NEW WAY OF INTRODUCING HIMSELF—TOMMY: Hello, baby! How's nurse?

DRAWN BY MAC MICHAEL.

"Yes," said the woman, looking some distance beyond her companion; "I learned. Would you tell me the time?"

With some alarm, Pusendorfer discovered that it was past one o'clock and noticed that the sidewalk stream had thinned.

"Only one o'clock. We must have something to eat. Yes? Pay for our drinks and then we can go to a restaurant."

She superintended the payment and firmly prevented the waiter from abstracting more than his constitutional ten per cent., and then said, "The restaurant is not two hundred metres away. Give me your arm, talk vivaciously, and we will march together, little one, to a place that gives food such as the good Pitts never dreamed of."

So arm in arm they marched, she remarking on the brumosity of the weather, he wondering what his serious clients would think. The restaurant was all that she had said of it: there were plenty of people and plenty of lights, no music, and a cookery that was at once bland and moderate.

"Brrrr-h!" said the woman, "don't you hate to be cold and hungry—don't you, Raoul?"

"But you ain't," said Pusendorfer unsensitively. She turned in her chair and gazed at him until he thought that her eyes were two points of green fire floating in a pool of white. She looked at him, and her hard mockery, her dreadful cheerfulness, went away. The livery of the life that is death was absent for a moment; she had plainly never smiled, and there was nothing but the pitiable mutely asking against pride and hope for pity. If Pusendorfer could see it, it must have been there. She shook her head as she pulled down the finger of a rather worn glove and laughed a little—not ill-naturedly, but as a patient elder sister would laugh.

"Ah, well, perhaps not quite so cold, but still hungry, you know. Now let us order some supper," and she proceeded to do so in a very skilful and self-restrained way. It was a wonderful supper when it came; there was an arrangement of *langouste* and truffles that formed an event in the life of George A. Pusendorfer, and an omelette with a beautiful interior. George smacked his lips and his companion noted his enjoyment, but when she ordered some coffee, he said—

"Isn't it late for coffee?"

"Little one, little one, we are going to sit here as the sun comes up and as it goes down, and on and on for days."

"What!" exclaimed the replete but startled Pusendorfer.

"But certainly, Raoul. Have you any cigarettes? No? Then get me some, please."

In Pusendorferian circles Woman is permitted dyspepsia, gossip, idleness, chewing-gum, extravagance, crass ignorance, and a pretentious self-consciousness, but cigarettes she must not touch. So, when the imperious demand was made upon Raoul A. Pusendorfer, his feelings were such as only a dynamic man can harbour in his constructive bosom. He determined to strike a blow for what he thought were his altar and his fire, and with a faltering majesty of port and a double chin that deflated itself like the pouch of a bashful pelican, he said—

"That's the limit. Smoking is not womanly—I won't stand for it," and he looked about to see whether any were offending in this respect. It has never been made plain whether the woman understood the first part of the new-born Raoul's remarks. She was not versed in American dialects, and might easily have failed to understand, but the last words were plain enough. She stared at Pusendorfer, and, fascinated, he stared back. As he stared the figures and the tables and the walls receded into a whiteness. Presently the fleecy whiteness rippled slightly, and out of it there poured upon that dynamic head a laughter that drenched him in ridicule, and that he felt must even now be filling the streets of Pittsburgh. It poured upon him and rippled up to his double chin; he could feel it playing against his jowls; it spattered on his bald spot. It had no respect for him, but treated him like Pantaloon in a shower-bath; it explored every crevice of his self-esteem and would not even admit that he could be angry. Was it not directed at Pusendorfer, and was not Pusendorfer the most ridiculous man in the world? He, George Raoul Pusendorfer, was to be laughed at to all eternity.

"I told you to get me some cigarettes," said the woman; "but you seemed to meditate for a moment. Now, please get them."

"Raoul," said she, as she struck a match, "Raoul, you are not without interest—yes, you are extremely funny; but not, my little one, of intention. Tell me, do you know anything?"

"Whadjer mean?" asked the surprised Pusendorfer. "I haven't been to college," he added more resentfully than became a dynamic man.

"No, not that," said she; "everybody goes to school, but do you know anything? Say 'No' and save trouble. Well, I will tell you something that will begin your store of knowledge. Disturb yourself no more about the womanliness of woman. Study electricity, study Pitts, study cooking and the feet of statues, but relieve your mind from anxiety about the behaviour of woman. Have you ever been unhappy? Have you ever been scorned? Do you know what it is that comes to one and says, 'Now, there is no place for you. Go away'—and there is no place to go? Do you know the shadows of the night and the noisy morning that

comes without pity? You, that *blague* about womanliness! And how is it that you have thought about women? *Hein*, tell me that! Do you tell your wife all your interesting little meditations on this subject? By the way, Raoul, you have not told me about your wife, and I doubt whether you will. She is a good woman, I am sure, and so you are ashamed to talk to me of her. Ah, no, you do not tell her all your thoughts, but now you can make your voyage home and tell her about to-night—about the gaiety, the supper, the light hearts, the soft air, the souls in the gutters and the pigs on the side-walks. Tell her that I can talk your language and order a supper (which you pay for), and that I can mend gloves; tell her that in conversation with you I forgot my shoulder-blades and the fact that there was a hole in my boot. She will be much interested to hear her Raoul talk about these things, and so much interested to know that he has spent an agreeable evening with a mother—"

"Have you a child?" asked Pusendorfer.

"Why not? Yes, a daughter. Have you?"

"We had," said Pusendorfer.

She glanced for a moment at him, as she said—

"Mine is less fortunate. She lives in Rouen with her aunt, a very worthy woman who has taken her in. I send her what money I can and I hear that the child is happy. It is good to be happy, is it not, M'sieu?"

"Why, yes," said Pusendorfer, brightening. "It's a first-rate thing to be happy. What does your daughter look like?"

"She resembles me—blue eyes and black hair and is good-natured. Poor little monkey! she thinks that I am working in a milliner's shop—making fifteen-franc hats for American ladies to buy for two hundred. And yours, Raoul?"

Pusendorfer had a little hoarseness in his throat as he said eagerly—

"She had blue eyes, too, and dark hair. We named her Helen, after her—"

"Her mother, *n'est-ce pas*? Hélène is a very pretty name, and happens to be mine, as well. Hélène and Paris, you know," said she with a little laugh that was confidential and not unkind. Pusendorfer laughed, too. He did not quite understand the allusion, but he comprehended the laugh.

"How old was she, Raoul?" asked the woman.

"Six—" said Pusendorfer.

"And six happy years, Raoul!" said she, and turning about, patted him on the knee.

"Yes, very!" said he earnestly. "Thank you," he added.

She looked at him with much amusement.

"Ah, *ça*," she said. "It appears not to be far from the *boulevards* to the *crèche*, and the little promenade has not been bad." As she said this, the woman rose from her chair and began to put on her gloves.

"Are you going?" asked Pusendorfer.

"*Ciel*, Raoul, it's nearly four o'clock and time for us to be going our several ways. Many thanks for the supper—I was hungry. I am not the *Crédit Lyonnais*, and there is my rent to-morrow. Give me a hundred francs and put me into a taxi."

Pusendorfer with good grace pushed some notes into her hand and called a passing taxi. As he put her into it, she said—

"*Au 'voir*. My love to Pitts."

"Good-bye," said Pusendorfer.

The taxi had not gone twenty yards when she put her head out of the window and called, "Raoul." He ran up to it, and the woman said—

"I really have some rent to pay, you know."

"That's all right," said Pusendorfer. "But send some to Hélène." She put out her hand and shook his as she cried—

"How did you guess?"

Somehow or other, Pusendorfer had guessed, or at least enough to make him less majestic in his own eyes. It puzzled him somewhat that he should have had such a conversation with such a companion, and he resented the thought that he had been treated as a parent and not as a constructive and dynamic man. Yet, as he walked to his hotel, and the feverish November dawn began to cast a little light on the upper storeys of the houses, he could not but admit that there seemed to be no strict monopoly of what he had been accustomed to call "the home ties." He turned the names over in his mind—"Helen and Hélène"—yes, they were very much alike, and he remembered how proud he had been of his child and how he had loved to play with her; how his Helen had treated him as not at all dynamic, and only as a playmate; and suddenly what imagination he had came to his aid. The comfort and the love that had wrapped his Helen about, and the solitariness of that other Helen, the bleakness and the friendlessness, the denial of the gentleness of childhood and the stealthiness of the mother-love that could not be told her. He could not forget this when he went up to his room, it came to him an insistent picture—the picture that conscience so vividly paints; and the fat, dynamic Pusendorfer went on his knees in the strange humility of gratitude.

He did not go to bed; instead, he packed his bags and, as soon as he could, sent a cable to Pittsburgh. Pusendorfer had had enough gaiety.

THE END.



ON THE LINKS

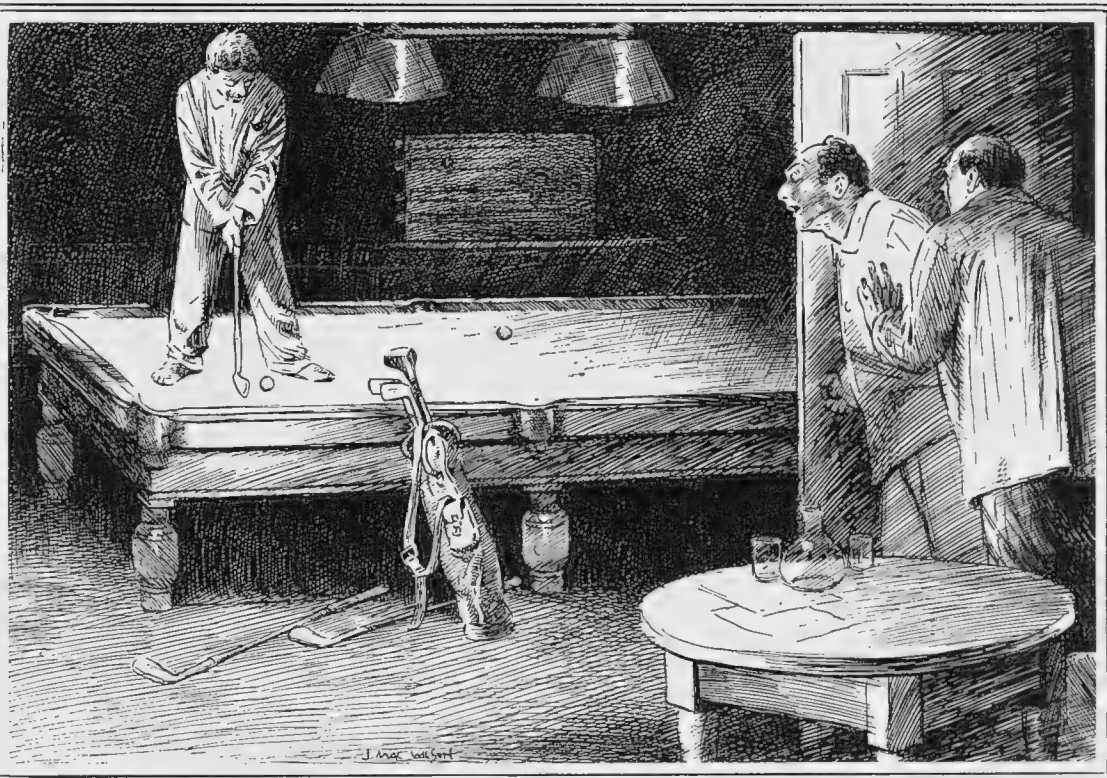
HOLED OUT IN ONE—AND A HOLE IN TWENTY—AND SOME LONGER ONES.

A Distinction Overdone.

Heart and mind of even the utter enthusiast become wearied by the monotonous reiteration of holes that have been done in one stroke by players, who thus become joyful without reasonable cause. It was not their skill that led them to this achievement, and yet they seem to think that because of it they are raised to a class of immortals, and their first impulse on finding that the ball has reached its mark at one shot from the tee is to rush to the nearest telephone and communicate the fact to the newspapers. Why the staid and sober journals, who discuss the follies and stupidities of governments with the most careful judgment and discrimination, lend themselves to these absurdities, which so much irritate all the golfers but one who read of them, is one of the subtle mysteries of the time. There are men who have holed from the tee a dozen times or nearly, and I find that in one case, at all events, a man who has thus been so enormously successful is a player with a tolerably long handicap. Now Harry Vardon, who, as you may know, has won the Open Championship six several times, has only once done a hole in one, and that was many years ago; and I believe it is just the same with Mr. Hilton, who in his early youth did this thing, and since then has done it nevermore. Reflecting upon these matters, I experience a pleasurable contentment in the knowledge that I, too, moderate golfer as I am, but one who has played much, and to the best of his ability, in most numerous parts of the golfing world, have never once holed in one stroke from the tee, though I have come most perilously near to it at times, and have occasionally feared that it had really happened.

Holes in Twenty And Beyond.

one were cast out altogether and not encouraged any more, while the men who putted out in twelve or more were exalted to the ranks of the most distinguished. We have satisfied ourselves that there is little or no credit in doing a hole in one; but it is a fine thing to do a hole in twenty. Some might rejoin that surely anyone could do this—either a toddling baby or the most senile person who was just about to die; but if they, or the man in the strongest health, could do so, would they? And if they did, would they boast about it? And yet it would be something to boast about. To do a hole in twenty



FRIEND to BROWN (disturbed by noises in billiard-room): "Hush! Let him alone. He's asleep—thinks he's on the green!" (On Brown's new table, too!)

DRAWN BY G. MACWILSON.

calls for an infinity of patience and perseverance, and a tranquillity of temperament such as are the qualities that make the best golfers and the best men; and to report on it all afterwards with no show of humiliation or of injury to a foolish conceit indicates a frankness and simplicity of spirit such as must endear the golfer most concerned to the hearts of all of us. It has been well said that we feel somewhat better always for the misfortunes of our friends; that is one of the weaknesses of human nature, but I do not think that this would provide the full explanation of the interest that we should take in a morning chronicle of "Holes in Twenty and Beyond." There would be romance and life in these little histories if they were told as they should be, with the emotions and passions of the spirit-wrung golfer suggested.

Mr. Wilson's Fine Achievement.

I have been led to this idea because on two successive days I read in the morning paper the weary repetition of persons of no account who had from their tee shots found the mark, and then on the third day there was some very different news to think upon. The Golfers' Club went along for a summer meeting to Woking, and there in the morning, Mr. R. E. Wilson, the Cantab, did the seventh hole in two strokes, and at the end of the round he led the field. But he did not know then what glory

awaited him, for in the afternoon at the same hole that he had done his simple and insipid two, he gained a bad lie from his tee-shot, and, playing from a grassy hazard, had nine heaves at his ball with his niblick before he set it free. This hole cost him twelve. This, O Wilson, was most sublime. Thousands of times has that hole been done in two: I believe I have done it myself in that small number. But less frequently have good golfers had the courage and the patience to work their way to the pin in the even dozen. Harry Vardon has made large scores at holes sometimes, and has related the stories fearlessly; so have Braid and Taylor and Ray, and the other immortals. Did we not see Ben Sayers taking nine at the little Himalayas in the championship at Prestwick last month? And when I was once told that a man had holed out in 84 at the third at Luton, I was able to cap the tale on the authority of Mr. E. A. Lassen with the fact that one who was playing with him some years ago at Windermere fell into the most terrible trouble, and did not hole out until 97 had been played. I feel sorry that he did not play three more, because I have a fear we may not now live to see the day when a hole shall be done in the full hundred shots.

HENRY LEACH.



MR. CHARLES HAWTREY: THE OXFORD: THE PAVILION.

THE Coliseum is steadily pursuing its established policy, and is rapidly adding to its list of stage favourites whom it has inveigled to its assistance in the formidable task of keeping music-hall audiences amused. It has caught Mr. Charles Hawtreys disengaged and has duly seized upon him, and, assisted by Miss Doris Lytton, the popular comedian has been prevailed upon to become a variety artist. He appears in a little piece which is entitled "The Compleat Angler" by its authors, Mr. Arthur Scott Craven and Mr. J. D. Beresford, and in this we see him both fishing and caught. The scene is laid in a backwater on the Thames, and to this secluded spot the lady has lured him under piscatorial pretext. The Hon. Wylie Walton, of the Diplomatic Service, whom he represents, is a dilatory young man upon whom Patience has designs, and the two arrive with the avowed intention of catching fish—an object which is preceded by some conversation which leads us to discover her aim. She provides him, while he is preparing the tackle, with the cigarettes and the whisky which he has forgotten to bring, and she gradually inveigles him into a proposal of marriage, with which and the catching of a fish contemporaneously the curtain falls. This simple little story is set forth by the authors with none too great smartness, but it is sufficient for its purpose, and enables the house to accord it a good reception. Mr. Charles Hawtreys strikes us as being quite at home in his new surroundings, even though, especially at the beginning, the dialogue does not give him many opportunities of earning the desired meed of laughter. However, it is a great thing to have a good name, for a music-hall audience takes a lot for granted, and is always ready to seize upon the slightest chance of rewarding it to the best of their ability. Miss Doris Lytton is perfectly at home in her part, and gives him all the assistance that he requires; and, consequently, he may rest thoroughly content with the result of his debut in the halls.

At the Oxford. The vogue of the short revue still continues to maintain itself, and yet a further new production was essayed last week at the Oxford. It was given by Mr. Arthur Whiteley and Company, and was called "The Merry Mannequins," the book and lyrics being the work of Mr. George Lestocq and Mr. H. E. Garden, with the music by Mr. H. Sullivan-Brooke. The scene is laid in Mme. Chica's Bond Street show-room, where we are introduced to a set of young ladies whose decoration, we are informed on the programme, has cost no less a sum than two thousand pounds.

Mme. Chica herself is played by Miss Maude Thorne. She has a ward named Kitty, who is in love with Harry Dale, played by Mr. Henry Bolingbroke, but is opposed to their marriage on the grounds of Kitty's utility in the business. This usefulness is never once indicated through the run of the piece, and evaporates the moment that it is desirable that the curtain should fall. Mme. Chica possesses a husband named Teddy Smith, who has been away some time, presumably to further the business, but really he has apparently employed his leisure moments with Betty of Brighton, Lily of Liverpool, and Peggy of Paris, etc.; and his return home brings about a reunion with all these charming ladies attired in beautiful dresses. But he is a skilful young man, and with the assistance of Tiny, the Commissionaire (played by Mr. Maitland Marler), he gets through all his difficulties satisfactorily. The little piece has been produced by Mr. George Lestocq, and he has managed the affair with great skill. Everybody plays with the greatest vim, and thus the flimsiness of the plot is hardly noticeable. Little songs are sung, with bright music by Mr. Sullivan-Brooke, and the moment after we are being rushed off to some new item. The audience has little or no time to think, and, as there is nothing worthy of deep consideration, it is completely content, and gives the production the very warmest of receptions.

At the Pav. At this house I saw a bright little piece the other night called "A Lucky Miss." It is from the experienced pen of Mr. W. H. Risque, and the music

is from the equally experienced Mr. Howard Talbot. The scene is laid in the dressing-room of Miss Elsie Corlton, a popular prima-donna, at the Alcazar Theatre. In this secluded spot we are introduced to Mr. Jimmy Flipp, who is technically known as a "k-nut," and who, after some private talk with the lady's dresser, proposes to Miss Corlton, who rejects him with good-nature, and consents to go to supper with him. She is in love with Mr. Jack Venn, who has sallied forth to America in order to make his fortune. The k-nut's magnanimous offer is really due to his having heard that she has lost all her money in speculation, but ultimately Mr. Venn appears very rustily attired, and, having finally divested himself of his shabby overcoat, divulges the important fact that he has safeguarded all her interests and that all her losses were his own invention. A fond embrace and the curtain falls amid all the applause that can be desired. This tiny trifle is very well played by Miss Florence Wray, who sings all that

is given her with skill and attractiveness; and by Mr. Thomas E. Pauncefote, who does everything that can be desired with the part of the k-nut, and makes a very agreeable portion of a programme which is full of the desired variety.

ROVER.



THE CROMWELLIAN BATH-SHEBA AND URIAH: MIRIAM (MISS LEWES) AND COLONEL MARDYKE (MR. HENRY VIBART) IN "THE SIN OF DAVID."

In Mr. Stephen Phillips' version of the old Bible story at the Savoy, the characters are Cromwellian. Colonel Mardyke is a rugged Puritan, and Miriam is his vivacious French wife.



THE CROMWELLIAN DAVID AND URIAH THE HITTITE: SIR HUBERT LISLE (MR. H. B. IRVING) AND COLONEL MARDYKE (MR. HENRY VIBART).

As Sir Hubert Lisle, the Commander of the Parliamentary Army, and Colonel Mardyke, a Puritan domestic tyrant respectively, Mr. H. B. Irving and Mr. Henry Vibart enact the story of David and Uriah as reconstructed by Mr. Stephen Phillips.



THE PROBLEM OF THE HOOTER: THE WORK OF THE A.A.: A NOVEL ENGINE-TESTER.

The Penalty of Silence.

A good deal of discussion is being waged in the daily Press on the subject of aggressively sounded motor-horns, and it is only too clear, now that automobile locomotion is the predominant form of traction, that the public is paying dearly for the perfection of the motor-car. England is the only country where the silent car is appreciated, and when, in the early days of prejudice, the opinion of the man-in-the-street was based on two objections—that the motor-car was a “rattle-trap” and always breaking down—British manufacturers addressed themselves just as sedulously to the task of removing one objection as the other. In this they have succeeded to a far more remarkable extent than their foreign rivals, and the result is that the streets of London have become a pandemonium by day and night owing to the ceaseless sounding of motor-horns.

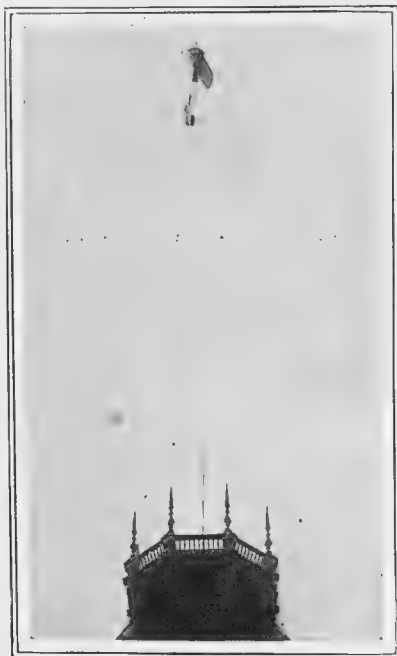
Is There a Remedy?

But is there any way out of the appalling difficulty? The motor-car no longer heralds its own approach, and from sheer necessity the driver must give audible warning of his approach by other means—whether as a direct method of averting an otherwise certain accident or as a measure of precaution when approaching a corner. No doubt the thing is overdone, but how and where is the line to be drawn? The law says that audible warning must be given, and in every accident case that comes into the law, police, or coroner's courts the first question to be asked of the driver is always: “Did you sound your horn?” and his affirmative reply is always countered by the evidence of witnesses who aver that he did nothing of the kind. In self-defence, therefore, the motor-car driver must endeavour to leave no room for doubt as to whether he complies with the law or not, for every time he errs on the side of moderation he is likely to meet with an accident and an overwhelming majority of witnesses who did not hear his horn as compared with those who did. Of inconsiderate horn-blowing, of course, there is plenty; but how is it to be checked? It is a question of manners, like nearly everything else in the nature of a grievance under which the public labours where motor vehicles are concerned; but when means have been found to teach manners by Act of Parliament, the millennium itself will have arrived.

The Work of the A.A.

Few bodies exhibit such remarkable prosperity as the Automobile Association and Motor Union, which has just celebrated its annual meeting. No fewer than 25,000 new members joined the Association during the year, and the membership is now on the border-line of 83,000. The income amounted to over

£100,000, and there is a reserve fund of over £20,000. This last-named item did not satisfy the Chairman, Mr. Joynson-Hicks, M.P., who expressed the opinion that, in view of eventualities, the Association should have a reserve equivalent to half a year's revenue.



A THRILL FOR HOLIDAY-MAKERS: B. C. HUCKS LOOPING - THE - LOOP AT SCARBOROUGH.

Mr. B. C. Hucks, the famous aviator, is giving a series of flying exhibitions at seaside resorts. Our illustration shows him looping-the-loop over the Grand Hotel during his week in Scarborough.

Photograph by Bolsover.

A Week's Work. The prodigious amount of work which is achieved by the Association is strikingly illustrated by a tabulated statement to hand. It takes the week ending July 11 as a sample, and during that period, it is stated, the number of letters received was 13,119, while 20,999 were sent out. No fewer than 14,247 members were warned by patrols, while 1851 were aided on the road in the way of mechanical assistance. The touring department supplied 1006 routes, 1307 town-plans, and 1670 handbooks to members, while 2656 miscellaneous road obstructions were removed. The cars and motor-cycles used by the road department covered 6980 miles, and the auto-wheels 24,762 more. The erection of signs, inspection of hotels, issue of triptyques, shipping of cars, examining drivers, clipping hedges, etc., etc., may be quoted from numerous other details of the Association's active functions, and no room is left for doubt as to its discharging a highly useful purpose in manifold respects for the benefit of its enormous membership.

A Novel Device.

Certain automobile-manufacturers, I believe, employ the stethoscope for locating engine-trouble whenever the ear itself cannot be trusted for the purpose; but a new device which has been brought out appears to have a much wider field of utility, as well as being distinctly novel into the bargain. It consists of a small box, resembling nothing so much as a hand-camera, and contains five insulated wires and four vacuum tubes. By merely connecting the four wires from the tester to the sparking-plugs, in the case of an ordinary four-cylinder motor, and the fifth wire to earth, it is possible to detect and locate

a variety of the troubles to which the petrol-engine is heir. These include a faulty magneto - distributor, faulty armature-brushes, a faulty contact-breaker, a weak electrical current, faulty carburation, faulty wiring or plugs short-circuiting, loose terminals, etc. The advantages of such a device are obvious, as it not only saves a vast amount of “exploration” work when the engine is not firing properly, but, by enabling the car-owner to keep a closer watch upon his engine, and therefore maintain it at its maximum efficiency, it effects a saving in the running expenses and also extends the life of the car. Those



IN THE “DISTRESSFUL” COUNTRY: A COLONIAL NAPIER PHOTOGRAPHED OUTSIDE ENNISKILLEN.

The car illustrated was returning from a tour in Counties Galway and Clare, where the roads, tracks, and general conditions for motoring are as bad as they can be. The photograph was taken outside Enniskillen, Co. Fermanagh, at a spot which is a hot-bed of rival Orange and Nationalist factions.

who wish to examine this interesting device should drive their cars to the depot of Messrs. McDonald, Mostyn, and Co., at 186, Shaftesbury Avenue, where the engines may be tested on the spot.



THE King has never been in two minds about boxing on its merits, even if he has hesitated about countenancing it as a spectacle. Like the late King, he is something of a specialist in the science of the game, and, like all specialists, does not altogether rejoice at Society's sudden and more or less ignorant enthusiasm. As a Service man, his Majesty long ago came to regard boxing as belonging, for the most part, to the Services rather than to the Smart Set, and as being more properly practised in barracks than in the public ring.

No Ladies! The last boxing witnessed by his Majesty had the entirely appropriate setting of barrack-hall and a soldierly audience. After dining with Colonel Ferguson and the other officers of the

2nd Life Guards, the King was shown a deal of regimental talent with the gloves, and even when Pat O'Keefe and Bombardier Wells were brought in to give a display of professional skill, the occasion lost nothing of its military flavour. And there were no ladies, even in red-cross aprons.

Out of the Swim.

The Bath Club, like the swimming apartment at

WIFE OF THE NEW EARL: THE COUNTESS OF ELLESMERE.

The new Countess of Ellesmere is a daughter of the Hon. Frederick Lambton, M.P., and was married to Lord Brackley in 1905. They have three little daughters.

Photograph by Lafayette.

breakfast. Moreover, the non-attendance, at any time of day, of one little group of habitués has been noticeable. Until a few weeks ago, Lady Diana Manners, Miss Tree, Mrs. Jasper Ridley, Mrs. Raymond Asquith, and members of the Horner family were all more or less regular town bathers.

A Problem in Mourning.

The problem of mourning has cropped up all through the season, but never quite so abstrusely as in the case of Sir Denis Anson. In the ordinary way, the death of a young man does not affect the social engagements of his circle of acquaintances; he withdraws to a sick-bed and dies out of sight. But when he goes to his death before a number of people, their position is more doubtful. Lady Diana Manners has taken the least sentimental course, and set no check upon dances, theatres, and week-ends. In so far as this course serves to repudiate the suggestion that the party was in any way responsible for Sir Denis's death by daring him to jump, it is a wise one.

Lord D'Abernon. After the bestowing of honours last year, Sir Charles Cripps was, without a doubt, the Peer who emerged with the champion title. Indeed, so picturesque is his new name of Lord Parmoor that it seems almost unkind to remind him of his past. This year it is Sir Edgar Vincent who becomes romantic. In taking the name of Baron D'Abernon of Esher he risks the disapproval

of the Mr. Round of the future, for it is unlikely that he will establish any very convincing link with the Daubernons of old. But it was worth doing, even in the face of a whole round table of Messrs. Rounds.

The Big D's.

A new Peer is well advised to search the D's for a title. Of all letters of the alphabet it seems to be the richest in good-sounding names. Dynevor and Dysart have, by common consent, an admirable flavour, and Douglas, Dacres, Davenant, Dynaunt, Duncan, and countless others are all rather more than respectable. Dipper, the cricketer, is less fortunate. He is not even consoled by being made the occasion of a joke, like his friend in the Sussex eleven—the Mr. Fender who has inevitably become a cricket on the hearth.

A Peer and His Critics.

Lord Howard de Walden's dinner at Seaford House to the principal performers in "Dylan" was supplemented by a restaurant supper for the rest of the company simply because Seaford House had not room for everybody. Lord Howard de Walden, in making friends with all his characters, has had the advantage of a good deal of sound working criticism, but the most amusing comment on his music came from an aged American who had been given some odd job behind the scenes. "I'm afraid," he said, when asked for his impressions, "I'm afraid it's a spell too far up the quelch for me."

Sir Frederick's Find.

Sir Frederick Cook has made the capture of the year in pictures. Only through the muddle-headedness of the critics was the great Titian allowed to come from Italy to England; but now it is here everybody realises that Sir Frederick has, not a work by a minor painter, but a masterpiece by the most desirable of the Masters. It could not come into better hands. At his house in Richmond Sir Frederick receives anybody who really cares for pictures, and his friendly Sunday parties are the pleasantest things of their kind in, or just out of, London. For the moment, at any rate, one is better pleased to see a great work of art go to such careful hands than to see it go into the National Gallery, which has become a gloomy prison for fair things. Even if, after considerable difficulty, one gets a pass into the deserted Galleries, the privilege is something of an ordeal. A screen in Sir Frederick's drawing-room is a far happier resting-place than panic-stricken Trafalgar Square, where yet another outrage by a misguided "militant" took place last week: it is much safer at Richmond.



MR. WALTER MEYRICK, WHOSE MARRIAGE TO MRS. MABEL DOWNES WAS ARRANGED FOR YESTERDAY (21ST).

Mr. Walter Meyrick is the youngest son of Sir Thomas Meyrick, of Apley Castle, Shropshire, and Bush, Pembroke.

Photograph by Swaine.



MRS. MABEL DOWNES, WHOSE MARRIAGE TO MR. WALTER MEYRICK WAS ARRANGED FOR YESTERDAY (21ST).

Mrs. Mabel Downes is the widow of the late Mr. Percy Downes, and daughter of Colonel Hill Sandys Montgomery.

Photograph by Swaine.



MISS AILEEN M. GOSLING, WHOSE MARRIAGE TO CAPTAIN F. H. SUTTON WAS ARRANGED FOR TO-DAY (22ND).

Miss Aileen M. Gosling is the second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Gosling, of Hawthorn Hill. Captain Sutton, of the 11th Hussars, is the eldest son of Mr. Francis Sutton and Lady Susan Sutton.

Photograph by Val l'Estrange.



ENGAGED TO CAPTAIN MORRISON-BELL: THE HON. HARRIET TREFUSIS.

Miss Trefusis is the younger daughter of the Dowager Lady Clinton. Captain Eustace Morrison-Bell is the son of Sir Charles and Lady Morrison-Bell.

Photograph by Lallie Charles.



By ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.

Some Gardens That I Know.

There is a bewildering variety of gardens in these days, and something is to be said in favour of all of them. Even the stiff, patterned bed, with its cones and discs of bright-coloured flowers, is occasionally effective, when used architecturally as part of the foreground of some stately mansion in a park. Most people have discarded these old-fashioned "beds," of course, and revel in herbaceous borders and lilies nodding in a row. The flat plant is very much out of favour just now—except, of course, for the modish rock-garden—and everyone wants something tall or something which clambers. And so enamoured is the Superior Person of the Garden Beautiful that some people, when they are going to "build," make these pleasaunces even before they have raised the scaffolding of their house. One such I saw the other day. There were smooth lawns and velvety grass-walks, as handsome an Italian pergola as you could wish, the indispensable Birds' Bath, and a plentiful display of flowers; while the house consisted of the brick foundations and some scaffolding-poles. The builder was wise. By the time the home is ready for its inmates the garden will be a perfect joy, with nothing new about it. There are few things more depressing, even odious, than a brand-new garden.

The Garden by the Sea.

It is difficult to attain anything like perfection in seaside gardens, yet they may have a distinction all their own. They should be gay, vivacious, brightly coloured, with something of the trimness and tidiness of ships which sail upon the sea. I remember one at Birchington, which blazed with the rosiest of pink and the milkiest of white, and where a flag-staff gave a jaunty and festive air to the grass-plot. There were terraced paths down the sheer cliff, along which we raced to bathe, and—desperate joy—a ladder by which you reached the sea, and which was drawn up after you when you emerged, dripping, triumphant, and refreshed. This, to be sure, was an almost ideal seaside garden, and it had been made by a famous painter. Yet another was in a small hotel by the sea (and wild horses shall not drag from me the name of that ideal spot) where the grey-green waters of the English Channel could be seen between the old figure-heads of sailing-ships. The figure-heads were white, dimly streaked with gold, and of the admirable kind which date some hundred years back. They had the air of wanderers and adventurers, and memories of strange, exotic ports clung to them; they had cast anchor in roadsteads from China to Peru, and seen the Southern Cross. One slept easily and profoundly in that garden, dreaming of "blue water," and of that most thrilling of all sensations—that of stealing slowly into strange, alien harbours on dark, velvety nights.

The Race and the Garden.

In nothing, perhaps, is the individuality of a race shown so much as in its gardens. It is said that every race has the Jew which it deserves, and the same may be said of its green pleasaunces. In France, for instance, there is great display; the beds are so crowded

with brilliantly coloured blooms that you cannot see half-an-inch of mother earth: the begonias shout to heaven, the roses are sumptuous and splendid, the hydrangeas, particularly, make a brave show, massed into hedges of pale-pink and lavender-blue. It is all as new and trim and neat as a Parisienne's dress; but there is no pensive note, no reticence, none of the quaint imagination you see in the famous gardens of England. I fancy the gardener has more to say than the châtelaine in the chateaux and villas of our neighbours over the Channel. In the garden you see the French genius for order, for form, for proportion, for "style"; the beds are symmetrical, urns and flower-vases are an architectural feature, no vagrant fancy lifts one out of the everyday world or leaves you dreaming of a better one. Nor have I ever seen the elaborate preparations which English people invariably make to attract birds. Free baths (with mixed bathing) are not provided, nor do cocoa-nuts or lard dangle from trees in the sorry months to feed the little winged people. A passion for birds and the more humble flowers is essentially English, but this fact does not prevent the well-kept French garden from being singularly dashing and attractive.

On Luggage Labels.

The moment has arrived when a serious and critical eye must be cast on those weather-beaten and travel-stained trunks which accompany us each year on our Continental voyagings. Here they are, badly frayed about the corners and looking singularly disreputable, but covered with those delightful labels which show that they have passed the Austrian Custom House, journeyed to the farthest north of Norway, or been hauled about in sunny Adriatic ports. There is the hotel-label of Wengen, where you enjoyed that hilarious fortnight in winter sunshine, and the bit of orange or green paper which marks our sojourn under the blue skies of Provence. And now we are told, by railway officials without imagination or memories, that all these notes of travel must be ruthlessly torn off, under pain of losing our luggage. Like the pastrycook who never eats

sweetmeats, I fancy railway officials seldom travel. It is enough for them to shut countless hordes of human beings into railway-carriages, to punch their tickets, and to send them off to their various destinations. The traffic director has no sentiment; suit-cases and hat-boxes, for him, are just "luggage"—things that travellers want, somewhat unreasonably, to take with them, but which must bear no permanent trace of all their singular and diverting adventures.



AN EVENING GOWN SHOWING THE NEW MANTEAU DE COUR.

A graceful toilette composed of an ivory-white tulle corsage, and skirt of ivory-white charmeuse, with a wired tulle tunic and deep swathed sash of black brocade patterned in emerald green, pink, and silver. The "manteau de cour" is made of black Ninon over silver tissue, and is held in place by shoulder-straps of rows of jet beads finished with tassels. Black paradise plumes are worn in the hair, which is powdered.

CITY NOTES.

"SKETCH" CITY OFFICES, 5, QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, E.C.

The Next Settlement begins on July 28.

RAILWAY DIVIDENDS.

THE half-yearly dividend of the District Railway was the first of the British Railway dividends to be announced, and created quite a good impression. The published traffic returns of this Company showed an increase of only £600 for the twenty-six weeks, and so the market expected nothing better than a repetition of last year's distribution—namely, $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. on the Second Preference stock, which was also the rate paid for the second half of 1913.

On the present occasion the Company will pay at the rate of 3 per cent. for the six months, which is the best result, so far, that this Railway has shown.

Several of the "Tubes" have also announced their half-yearly dividends, and these are very much as was anticipated. The Central London again pays at the rate of 3 per cent. on the undivided Ordinary stock, which gives the Preference its regular 4 per cent. per annum.

The City and South London Railway will not make any distribution on the Ordinary stock, against $\frac{1}{4}$ per cent. per annum a year ago. It is to be hoped that the Board will be able to pay a final dividend on this stock at the end of the year, as otherwise the Debentures will cease to be available for English trustees.

The London Electric Railway announces an interim dividend of 1 per cent. per annum for the six months, which is the same as that distributed for the last two half-years, and coincides with market expectations.

MARCONI.

The Marconi report appeared just too late for us to comment on it last week. Meanwhile, the Press and the market have dissected it pretty thoroughly in an attempt to get at the Company's real position. The task, however, is an impossible one, because the report is presented in a form which affords the minimum of information.

The gross and net profits have fallen to £245,580 and £122,320 respectively, as against £540,000 and £413,300 for 1912. Admittedly the profits shown in the last report were made under exceptional circumstances—if the directors had on that occasion told us how much was made out of the promotion of subsidiaries it is possible that there would be less disappointment at the present figures.

The balance-sheet gives no more information. The directors have decided to discontinue publishing particulars of the shares held by the Company, it being, in their opinion, prejudicial to the interests of the Company that such information should be made public. Patents and shares in associated Companies appear as £1,298,700, an increase of £442,600. The shares are reckoned at cost, and, taking market quotations for those quoted, and a "moderate valuation" for the remainder, we are told the total value exceeded the balance-sheet figure on June 30. Is this still true, now that quotations have declined? Nobody knows.

The Company's ultimate success must depend upon its ability, and that of its subsidiaries, to transmit messages at a profit. Never since the Company's inception has anything bearing on this point been made public. We cannot learn whether the Company is well or extravagantly managed.

It is possible that the management is economical and the legitimate profits satisfactory, but it is difficult to imagine the directors keeping back any information which would help the market. We cannot, in the circumstances, look upon the shares as a serious investment.

MEXICAN PETROLEUM.

When the disturbed conditions of the country are taken into consideration, the report of this Company for 1913-14 must be considered surprisingly satisfactory—12,325,200 barrels of oil were sold during the period, and realised a total profit of 7,115,000 dols. The trading profit amounted to 4,275,400 dols., and to this sum must be added 2,797,000 dols. brought forward, and 907,400 dols. which represents the profit on the sale of the stock of the Petroleum Transport Company.

After payment of the dividends, 152,200 dols. goes to general reserves and 5,654,700 dols. is carried forward.

The Company does not seem to have suffered very greatly from the unsettled state of the district; the directors state their contracts were fulfilled with only a very few exceptions, which were caused by the interruptions of the railway services.

With regard to current and future business the report speaks hopefully. Except during a fortnight at the end of April when Tampico was blockaded, the Company's business has been practically uninterrupted, and the Board express the opinion that there are signs of improvement in the political crisis. We sincerely hope such signs will materialise.

S. HOFFNUNG AND CO.

This Company has had a consistently successful career, and the report which has just appeared proves that last year was no exception to the rule. The Ordinary shares, which are all privately held, receive 15 per cent. for the fifth year in succession, and the Preference shares receive their maximum rate of $7\frac{1}{2}$ per cent.

Net profits at £68,174, although not quite up to the 1911-12 figure, show an advance over those of last year. After payment of the dividends mentioned above, £10,000 is placed to reserve, bringing the total of that fund up to £86,000, £10,000 is placed to special reserve for Ordinary dividends, and £5237 is carried forward.

There are £350,000 Preference shares outstanding, which are quoted at 26s. They are secured on assets valued at about three-quarters of a million, and this is probably a conservative figure, as the freehold property in Sydney has largely increased in value since its acquisition by the Company.

We have frequently recommended these Preference shares as a desirable industrial investment. The concern is well and carefully managed, and the shares yield 6 per cent.

HERE AND THERE.

We hear that a new Company will make its appearance in the autumn for the purpose of manufacturing armour-plate by an entirely new process. We do not yet know who is behind it, but we understand that its operations will be on a large scale, and that the fullest tests and trials have already been satisfactorily completed.

The cable received by the Spies Company from Grosny demonstrates clearly that the South Baskakoff plots are exceedingly valuable. If water troubles can be prevented, we expect to see the oil output rapidly increase. The shares are a decent speculation at their current figure.

The cable expenses of the Kirkland Lake and Tough Oakes Companies must amount to a considerable sum per annum. All the cables are optimistic, and prices continue to be firm on the Stock Exchange. Possibly we were born with an unpleasantly sceptical mind, but we remain absolutely calm and totally unconvinced that either of these concerns will justify even their original capitalisation, let alone the premiums at which the shares now stand. We strongly advise our readers to leave both Companies severely alone.

When reviewing the results of the United States Steel Corporation for the first quarter of the year, we expressed the opinion that some improvement could be expected from the low figures then shown; but that it was unlikely to be substantial. This forecast has been borne out by the results now announced. Unfilled orders on June 30 totalled 4,033,000 tons. This figure is still exceedingly poor, but it does break the long succession of declines which has been shown for so many months.

The 5 per cent. Uruguayan Bonds which were issued in February last at 91 are quoted at 86½. The Government are now proposing to issue a further £1,000,000 of these Bonds. The scarcity of money existing in Uruguay, as elsewhere in South America, has been responsible for the decline in the Customs revenue, but even now the surplus is amply sufficient to cover the interest requirements. The high yield afforded by the Bonds clearly indicates that they cannot be classed among gilt-edged investments, but we think a few might reasonably be mixed with other securities.

OVERHEARD IN A CITY OFFICE.

"Gently, my boy, gently," remonstrated the senior partner; "you're like a bear with a sore head."

"Such a thing doesn't exist," replied the clerk from the middle of a cloud of dust. He was clearing out his desk before holidays. "The bulls have the sore heads and the bears the bulging pockets, which proves conclusively that I'm not a bear."

"Swonderful," remarked the rubber expert sarcastically. "I've sat opposite to you for years and years—"

"It almost seems longer, doesn't it?"

"And at one time or another you've recommended nearly every share in the Official List."

"Inaccuracy is a beastly habit."

"And unbridled optimism a dangerous disease."

"You two had better go and have it out at Olympia," interrupted the senior partner. "Either let me get on with my work or teach me how to make some money."

"Stick to work," suggested someone.

"Buy Suez Oil shares," said the rubber expert. "The Shell group have got them in hand, and you'll double your money before long."

"Listen to him," exclaimed the clerk; "and he dares to preach on the sins of optimism. There ought to be a law against inciting to gamble."

"Well," demanded the rubber expert, "can you suggest anything better?"

[Continued on page 96.]

THE WOMAN ABOUT TOWN

The Gem of Gems.

No one can deny the fascination of gems that flash and sparkle and give off multi-coloured fires. The pearl, however, with its delicacy, its marvellous and inimitable sheen, and all the suppressed glory of colour seen below the surface, is absolutely irresistible. Small wonder that women love their pearls. The other day I learned that it is not necessary to expend huge amounts to have a lovely pearl necklace. It was at the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths' wonderful salons at 112, Regent Street. A string of beautiful pearls, suitable in size for a married lady, could be purchased I found, for £300. The firm is, of course, celebrated for the splendid value it gives its customers, but this necklet was a revelation. Beside it I was then shown a necklet at £1800. A little way off there seemed little difference; of course, examination showed that there was. Again, there was a sweet row of lovely pearls, well-matched and skilfully graduated, such as a débutante would wear, for £135. It is always a great interest to improve such a necklet, and add from time to time finer gems, so that the larger pearls on the girl's necklet become the smaller ones as she grows older. As to the greater treasures of this modern Aladdin's garden, I feasted my eyes on hundreds of thousands of pounds' worth of these perfect gems, which are not alone ornaments, but also good investments, for the price of the finest pearls steadily rises.

A Lasting Joy.

A thing of beauty is a joy for as long as it lasts. Community plate is decidedly a thing of beauty, for the designs in which it is made are by the geniuses in design—Chippendale, Sheraton, Hepplewhite, and the Brothers Adam. These beautiful spoons, forks, and table silver of all kinds introduce into that department of domestic life the rare grace and beauty that we so highly appreciate in the furniture and decorations of these giants of the latter part of the eighteenth century. Also Community plate is a joy for life: it is a superior electro-plate. Pure silver four times as thick as on ordinary electro-plate is deposited upon a backbone of nickel silver. This is again overlaid with pure silver of equal thickness, making those parts most subject to wear ectoplate. This example of beautiful modern workmanship and reproduction of finest designing can be seen at Diamond House, Hatton Garden. It is supplied in canteens containing everything for six or twelve people, or separate table-spoons and dinner-forks, 33s. 6d. a dozen. It is guaranteed for fifty years.

Swift and Light of Foot.

The holiday season is with us once more; what will conduce most to our enjoyment of it will be shoes so light and well made that our feet will be perfectly comfortable. We shall be able to play tennis, golf, boat, walk, without so much as thinking of our feet, if we provide ourselves with two or three pairs of Delta shoes. Not only are they light and well made, but they are so well cut and stylish that they make us glad of the fashion of short skirts; and again, from the sternly practical point of view, they wear splendidly. They ought to be quite easily obtainable anywhere, as there are agents in every district. It is, however, wise to study the different new styles in this excellent Delta foot-wear from an illustrated catalogue, which will be sent by the Lotus Shoemakers, Stafford, on application.

A Pretty Skin.

Englishwomen are kindly dealt with by nature in the way of pretty skins. It is necessary, however, to take care of them—never more so than during holiday times, when out a great deal in the open air. I find Beetham's

Larola is a wonderful protection and also a wonderful soother to the skin. It should be applied going out, and also when coming in and night and morning. It protects from sun and wind burn, and cures redness, roughness, and blemishes in an extraordinary way; also, it is extremely pleasant to use. Larola tooth-paste is a preparation that is much to be commended. It is antiseptic, very pleasant to use, and refreshing. These preparations can be had from any chemist, or from Beetham's Larola Works, Cheltenham.



THE CO-RESPONDENT IN THE HISSEY CASE: MR. ALBERT WHELAN, WELL KNOWN ON THE HALLS.

In opening the case for the petitioner, Mr. Marshall Hall described the co-respondent as "a well-known comedian of distinguished ability."

Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield, Ltd.

What of the Weather?

Well, what of it? If we have some smart garments made of Cravenette material, we need not give it a thought. These Cravenette-proofed fabrics are suitable for all weathers and for all seasons. There is perfect ventilation, as the fabrics are perfectly porous; also they are hygienically perfect. There is no smell, for which all owners of sensitive noses will bless them; and they can be had in blacks or colours, and in a large variety of cloths equally suitable for ladies' or for men's wear. It is the ideal "proof," and every yard bears the registered Cravenette stamp. Garments of these cloths are obtainable in many varieties of style and shape. At this holiday time they are indispensable parts of every outfit.

The Summer with Its Sunshine and Its Showers.

The summer would not be so fascinating were it not also fickle. Sometimes, however, when our clothes are spoiled, we find it difficult to forgive its fickleness. Our own fault, this, for we know the showers will come, and we know, too, that Burberrys, at their handsome new premises in the Haymarket, have all sorts of really charming fabrics that are impervious to them, and which are yet dainty, festive-looking, and charming, suitable to the sun-

shine and defiant of the showers. It is not this alone that Burberry's have done; they have designed garments that are artistic, smart, stylish, light and hygienic, in which the wearer can have the moral support of being really well-turned out for any variety of weather. The Tielocken Patent Overcoat, without buttons, is ingenious and smart to the last degree; men consider it a stroke of genius. It is impossible in a little space to indicate to readers anything adequate about the beauty and practical qualities of Burberry's fabrics and garments. Their catalogues are, however, very informing, being remarkably well illustrated, and will be forwarded post free. They can and will also supply, from their exhaustive records, precise particulars of sporting outfits required for all parts of the world, from the Polar regions to the tropics.



THE RESPONDENT IN THE HISSEY CASE: MRS. J. B. HISSEY, KNOWN ON THE STAGE AS MISS MARY MERRALL.

Before her marriage, Mrs. Hissey, whose real name was Miss Elsie Lloyd, was appearing in "The Mimosa Maid." On returning to the stage after her marriage, she played in "Arms and the Girl," at the Hippodrome; in "Susan's Embellishment," at the Palace; and in "Milestones," first on tour, and later at the Royalty, where for some time she took Miss Gladys Cooper's part.

Photograph by Claude Harris, Ltd.

The photograph of the Duke and Duchess of Portland at a hospital for incurables which we published in our last issue was, we regret to find, incorrectly described as having been taken at Putney, whereas the institution visited by their Graces on that occasion was the British Home and Hospital for Incurables, Streatham, of which the Duke of Portland is President, and not the Putney Hospital. The Streatham institution was founded in the year 1861 for the relief of incurable sufferers of the middle classes.

Owing to the great success achieved by their volume of portraits, "England's Beautiful Women," published in 1909, Messrs. Bassano, Ltd., the old-established Court Photographers, of 25, Old Bond Street, are shortly bringing out a second edition of that work.

They have been fortunate in securing the exclusive services of Mrs. Maude Mary Chester Foulkes, the well-known collaborator in so many books of famous Recollections, who will furnish vivid biographical sketches to accompany each portrait.

Continued from page 94.]

"Some of the London Electric-Lighting Companies are worth locking away——"

"Is the great combine coming off then, after all?"

"I think it will one fine day, and in the meantime the shares offer a big return, with a decent prospect of increased dividends in the next year or two. Look at St. James and Pall Mall, at 9½, or Westminster——"

"Underground Income Bonds offer a good yield," suggested the senior partner, "and seem fairly——"

"They depend too much on the 'buses.'"

"The 'buses are doing all right; traffics are up——"

"And so are working expenses, I fear. The settlement with the men cost about a fifth of a penny per mile, and soon they'll have to pay something like three-eighths of a penny for road-upkeep. It soon tells up, you know."

"Oh, they'll put the fares up," declared the rubber expert rather scornfully "never fear."

"It's not so easy, as it sounds, and putting up prices doesn't always pay in the end. But perhaps they'll make their tyres out of synthetic rubber and save money that way!"

"Synthetic rubber," snorted the expert, "will arrive about the time that aeroplanes replace 'buses.'"

"Cheer up!" laughed the clerk; "I was only tugging at one of your lower limbs. And how's the 'raw article'?"

"Doing nicely, thank you. The Home trade's busy, and even America shows signs of life——"

"I'm afraid it's only a spasm," remarked the senior partner gloomily—he still held grimly to some of his wreckage, on the ground that it will serve as a warning when the next boom comes along!

The rubber expert shrugged his shoulders. "Sufficient unto the day . . . but I daresay you're right."

"And the shares?"

"The good ones are only slightly overvalued."

"What he lacks is moderation," declared the clerk to the world in general. "Everything to him is like the little girl who—"

. . . . Had a little curl

Right in the middle of her forehead.

When she was good she was very, very good;

But when she was bad, she was horrid."

After the applause (*sic*) had subsided, the clerk continued, "If you feel inclined to take an interest in the Mining Market, Wit. Deep are worth looking at."

"The price has dwindled away to about two——"

"And a bit. They've suffered badly from labour shortage, but I imagine that will be corrected in time; and, meanwhile, developments are satisfactory, and the value of the ore-reserves is at least seventy per cent. of the market valuation."

"Sounds all right," admitted the senior partner.

"It is all right," said the clerk, "but you may have to wait twelve months for your profits."

"As long as I get 'em in the end," said the senior partner, "I don't at all mind waiting."

"Isn't it good of him?" remarked the rubber expert rather rudely, as he put on his hat.

"Good-bye—hope you have a good time," said the clerk, holding out his hand.

"What d'ye mean? I'm not going for a holiday or——"

"Oh, I know that; but I'm just off." And the clerk, by means of clever foot-work, nimbly dodged a vicious left swing at the solar plexus and sent his man to the ropes with a series of short-arm—anyhow, there were no more financial hints that afternoon.

Saturday, July 18, 1914.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the City Editor, The Sketch Office, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C.

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month.

S. C. (Southall).—The Companies are distinct, but we fear the prospects of the one in which you hold shares are little better than those of the one in liquidation. If you care to send us all the papers you have, and all details, we will return them to you with the best advice we can obtain.

"Scor" (Johannesburg).—The Bank is making considerable progress and the shares are fully paid, so we think you may safely invest part of your funds in the stock.

"NEMESIS."—The decline has been due to the fall in land values which has taken place throughout the Dominion. Sales of land at present are exceedingly difficult, and prices poor. We see little prospect of an immediate improvement, but have faith in the Company's eventual success. We should hold.

W. A. G. (Southport).—New York Telephone 4½ per cent. Bonds and the new P.L.A. stock are both admirable investments. The others we do not care for.

A. M. M.—(1) We do not think so. (2) There is no chance of a dividend this year. (3) The shares are puffed very hard, and therefore we say, leave them alone. Somebody wants to sell so badly that they can afford to pay for puffs; and that somebody probably knows far more about the Company's affairs than you do—or than we do!



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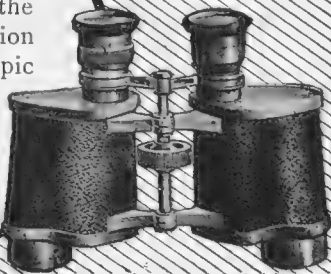
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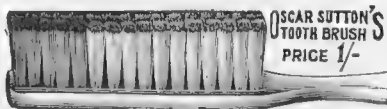
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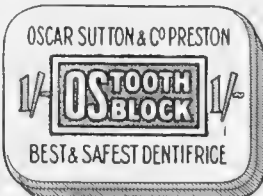


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Neck ...	0	12'5	...	0	12'5	Ankle ...	0 7'4
Chest ...	0	33	...	0	33	Knee ...	0 15
Bust ...	0	37	...	0	37	Upper Arm ...	0 12'5
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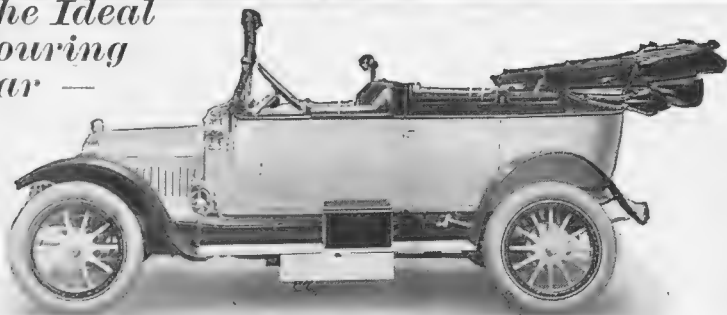


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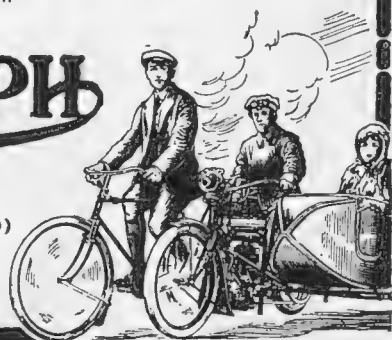
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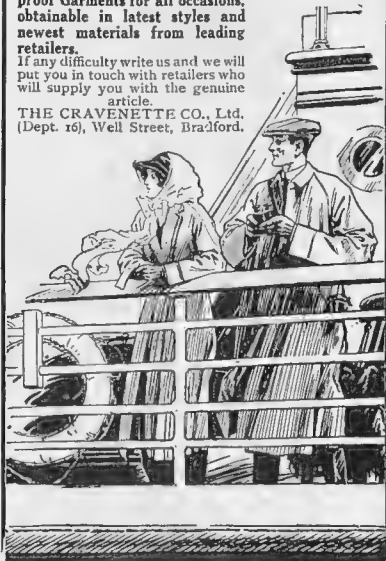
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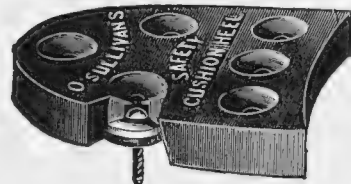
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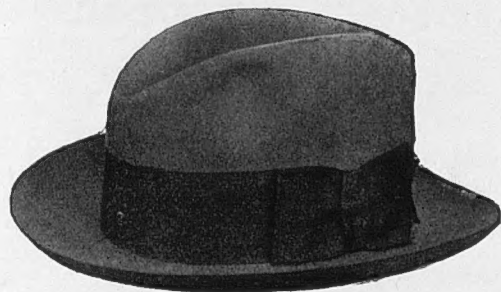
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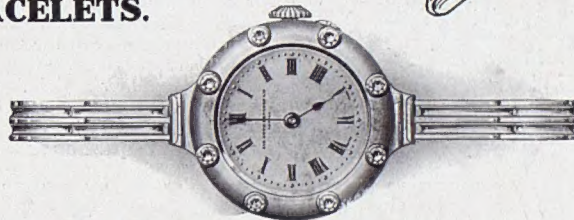


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NOTES FROM THE OPERA-HOUSES.

"FRANCESCA DA RIMINI," AT COVENT GARDEN.

IT is to be regretted that the production of Zandonai's "Francesca da Rimini" should have been relegated to the penultimate week of Covent Garden's long session. By the time July is waning, enthusiasm for things musical is waning too, and neither the public nor the Press is prepared to do the fullest justice to new work. At the same time, there is an exception to every rule, and an opera of more than ordinary merit may be expected to receive more than the usual attention. Zandonai's latest creation is not likely to fall stillborn from Covent Garden's repertory. In the first place, the story of Francesca da Rimini as set out by Gabriele D'Annunzio for Eleonora Duse has many enduring qualities. The stage-pictures of thirteenth-century Ravenna and Rimini, and the picturesque dress of the period, would lend themselves most happily to the occasion under any circumstances, and in this case they have been handled with more than ordinary skill, even though the result is not always completely satisfying. There are moments when the picture impresses itself upon the mind and takes its place among the few that remain when a season has run its course. Then, again, D'Annunzio is such a supreme master of words that the exquisite felicity of phrase so fully captured by some of the singers adds its own music to the score. Finally, Zandonai has contributed a score of which all is clever and some is beautiful. If he could have written up to the level of such work as the chorus with which the first act closes ("Per la terra di maggio"), or the Spring Song of Francesca's tire-women in Act III., or the scene between Francesca and Paolo that follows, the success of his opera would be assured. Whatever its future, we know at least that we have in him a composer to reckon with, a man from whom great work may be expected in the future. He has many qualities, and a masterly gift of apt expression. His scoring is singularly clean and effective, and his response to each changing situation is not only rapid but spontaneous. The orchestral expression seems to be born of the moment on the stage. He does not rant: there are times when the action is far less restrained than the music. Occasionally the intensity of his emotion overloads the ear that is not yet accustomed to his idiom; in all probability, a second or third hearing will reveal and clarify his full intention. He has mastered his subject sufficiently well to create such an atmosphere as we gather from certain old Italian pictures and books; he revives for us something of the beauty, as well as the terror, of the story's period; and even when he does not seem to do full justice to the moment, his music is never inept—it merely fails to be completely effective.

He relies at times more upon the orchestra than upon the singer—a fault common to young composers, and one he will outgrow. It is only fair to state that certain situations are not within the compass of the stage. The fight between the Guelfs and Ghibellines in the second act does not always convince; the appearance of Paolo at the end of the first act is almost lost to those who sit on the right-hand side of the theatre, and the Death Scene at the end is not adequately rendered. The mind refuses to accept these situations; they do not attain to the realism after which they strive, and though the music does not suffer at the end of the first act, it is bound to find its appeal reduced at the close of the last. He may claim for the score that, while on the whole it is sympathetic to the singers, it consistently claims the interest of the house.

The lateness of the season and the amount of hard work accomplished by Mme. Edvina in the last two months may well account for the fact that Francesca is not one of her most fortunate creations. Her ecstasy of abandonment is in danger of becoming stereotyped, her voice sounded a little hard, she did not seem altogether at her ease in the thirteenth-century frame, though she wore the lovely dresses with becoming distinction. Signor Martinelli's Paolo, on the other hand, was in the picture all the time; the part was keenly felt, finely acted, and most happily sung. In the difficult rôle of Giovanni, Signor Francesco Cigada sang and acted very finely; and the Malatestino of Signor Paltrinieri could hardly have been bettered. The small parts of Ostasio, Ser Toldo, the jester, and Samaritana were in safe hands—indeed, the cast could hardly have been more carefully chosen. The opera had the great advantage of Signor Panizza's direction: he was concerned with the first performances in Turin, where "Francesca" was received so favourably; and Signor Tito Ricordi's adaptation of D'Annunzio's tragedy has been made with all the skill that a fine taste and a long experience can command.

For a young man to attempt to turn to operatic ends a work written by the greatest living master of the Italian language is a daring feat; it is not too much to say that Signor Zandonai has justified his daring. Nobody would care to predicate the fate of the work in England, but it may be claimed that "Francesca da Rimini" has more points of attraction than any novelty Covent Garden has mounted in the last year or two; and while we may regret young Italy's insistence upon themes of blood and lust, admiration for their effective treatment cannot be withheld. If the public verdict should not be favourable, let us hope that the management of Covent Garden will take the date into consideration, and summon a court of appeal in 1915. There is much in the opera that music-lovers can ill afford to lose.

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